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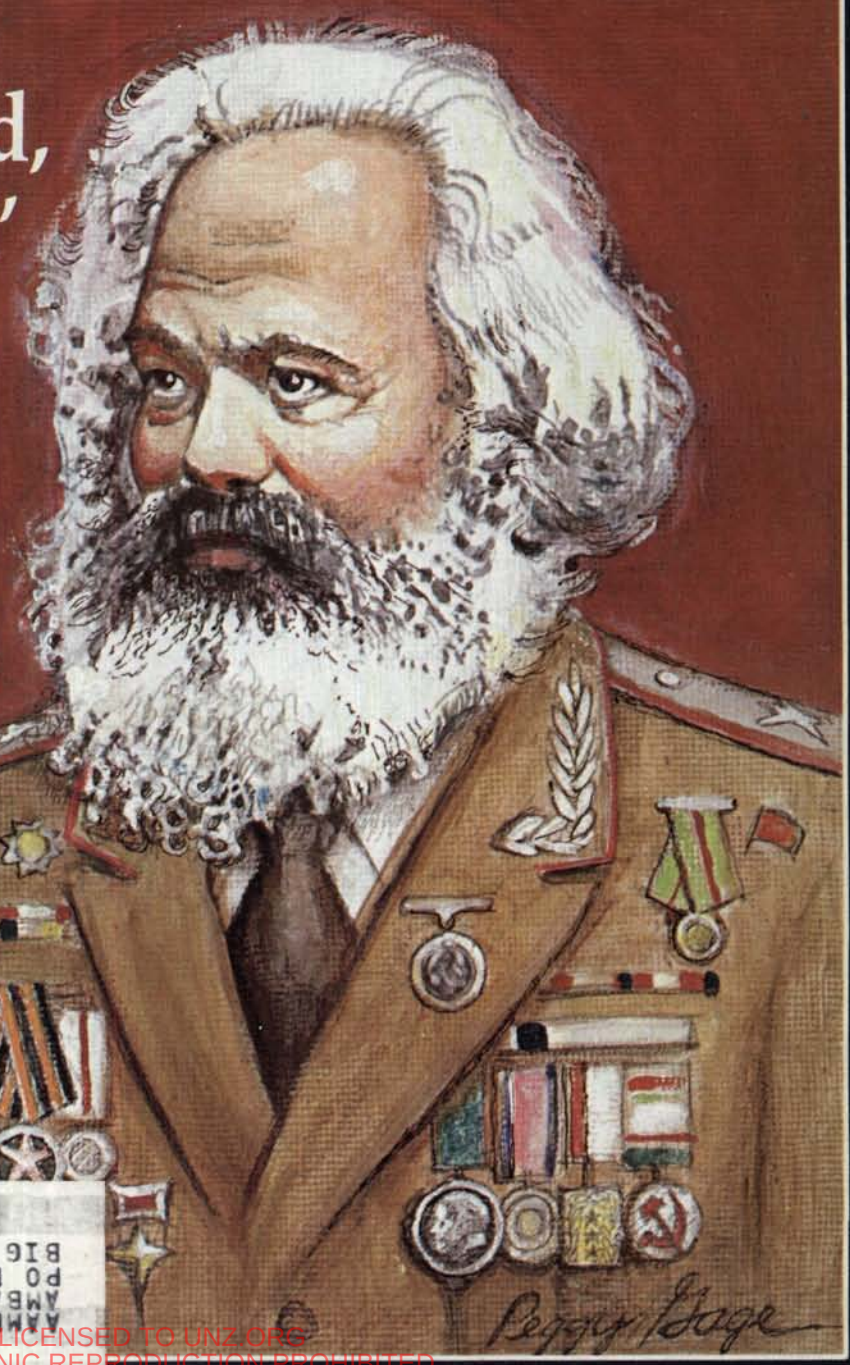
by Jacques Rupnik

The Polish whitewash,
by Abraham Brumberg



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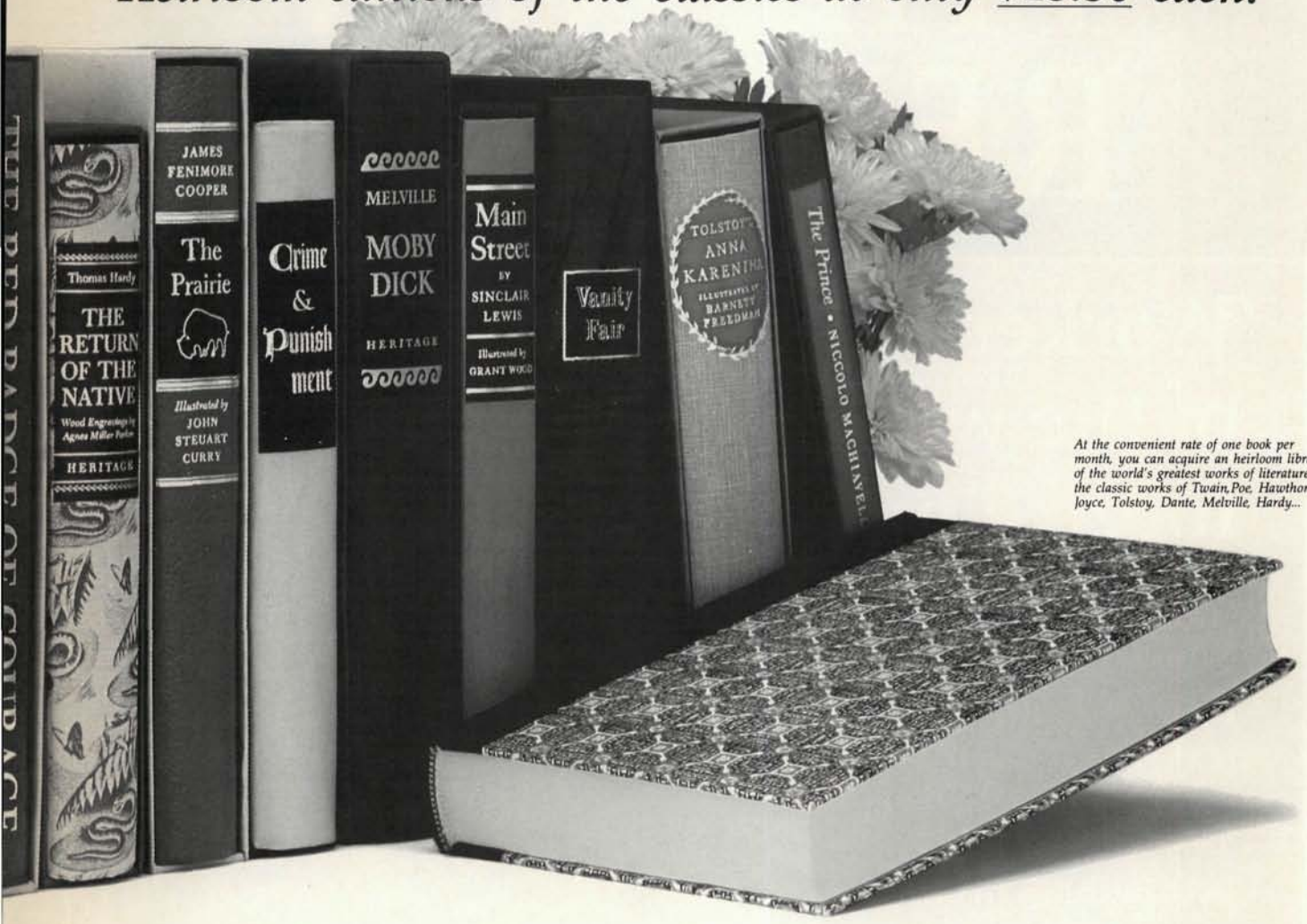

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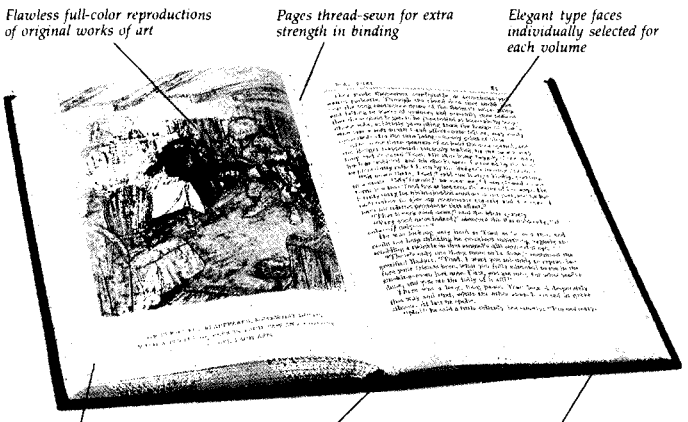
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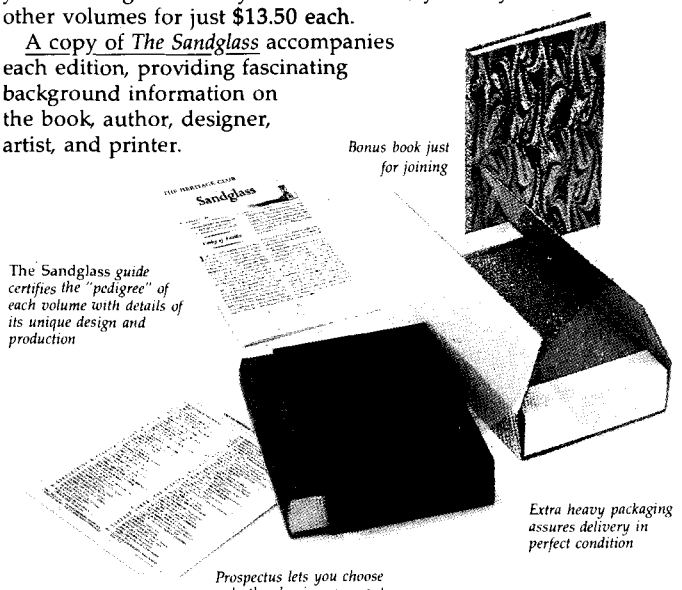
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CARSON'S FRIENDS AND FOES

To the editors:

Mark Crispin Miller's and Karen Runyon's ruminations on Johnny Carson and the "Tonight Show" ("The Life of the Party," TNR, December 9, 1981) are on target. The show, Carson's style, the entire conception, *are* great anachronisms and look like nothing else on TV. The "Tonight Show" is a gaudy full-color video metaphor of "Entertainment Past" inherited from a rich legacy of vaudeville, radio, stand-up nightclub routines, and early television itself. This is a legacy that is in danger of extinction in the face of bottom-line mentalities whose vision doesn't exceed the overnights for gems like "Battle of the Network Starlets in their Underwear."

The "Tonight Show" is one of the last bulwarks left against this creeping meatballism. Like Sermonnette, which reaffirms certain nonsectarian verities at the end of a long day of secular consumer chasing, Carson's medicine show reaffirms other pure American verities about ourselves and the meaning of entertainment and the show. Miller and Runyon are right. When this show goes, probably to be replaced by reruns of "Little House on the Prairie," a little more of what's left of TV's soul will have eroded.

S. Barnes
Rockville, Maryland

To the editors:

If there's one thing that Johnny Carson doesn't need more of, it's praise ("The Life of the Party," TNR, December 9, 1981). Carson's entire career is proof that, in America, being consistently mediocre guarantees success. Carson has become the old dog that doesn't have to learn new tricks, as long as he has conditioned his audience to expect so little. What he hosts isn't a talk program but a burlesque show, in which his mugging takes precedence over any ideas and emotions. Even the audience, which is nightly herded like cattle into the studio to laugh hysterically at weak jokes and skits, cannot conceal the tawdriness of the whole episode.

There is no center to the personality of Carson the comedian. Aided and abetted by Ed McMahon, the human laughing machine, he merely steals characters and bits from such superior comic minds as Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Jackie Gleason, Red Skelton, Jonathan Winters, and Ed Wynn. Year after year, his craftmanship has become increasingly shoddy, until now he recycles his moldy, old ad-libs without a trace of embarrassment. His whole attitude shows a contempt for the audience, and the possibilities inherent in the medium. The only explanation I can think of for articles of praise is that, like Bob Hope, Carson has become such an institution, that some people seem not to notice that he is no longer funny.

Dan O'Neill
Los Angeles, California

NUCLEAR ARSENALS

To the editors:

As an active member of Physicians for Social Responsibility, I was dismayed by the insinuation of the Washington Diarist that "socially responsible" physicians were somehow anti-American (TNR, December 2, 1981). Most of us fear the Soviet nuclear arsenal as much as the American; given the current international situation, either side could be the one to push the button. PSR has not, to my knowledge, ever blamed the United States alone for the nuclear arms race, nor have we advocated unilateral disarmament. Our current position calls for a "mutual freeze on all further testing, production, and deployment of nuclear weapons, and of missiles and new aircraft designed primarily to deliver nuclear weapons." The question of Western European defense is, I believe, a separate issue. Without first controlling the enormous nuclear arsenals possessed by the United States and the Soviet Union, there may be little left in Europe to defend.

David Keller
Cambridge, Massachusetts

DEMOCRATIC RADICALS

To the editors:

Intellectuals have an obligation to make discriminations of thought and language. It's disturbing that in Peter Shaw's piece about the Weather Underground ("The End of the Seventies," TNR, December 23, 1981), he keeps talking about these people as "the radicals," without any suggestion that this tiny handful of desperadoes is not at all representative of American radicalism or that there are many kinds of American radicals. Mr. Shaw is a sophisticated writer and hence unlikely to have done this unwittingly—which gives a little credence to the idea which he dismissed in his piece: that the criminal lunacy of the Brinks holdup would be used to attack radicals indiscriminately.

I wouldn't call the Weather Underground radical, I'd say the people in the Brinks affair resemble quasi-fascist thugs. I'd want to remember that the bulk of the New Left, its mistakes and foolishness notwithstanding, never approved of the Weather Underground. And I'd want even more to remember that there are democratic radicals who argued in the 1960s against both New Left mistakes and Weather terrorism. We weren't very popular then, we aren't very popular now, but we're still around, and we're still *democratic* radicals—people like TNR contributors Michael Walzer, Michael Harrington, and myself.

Irving Howe
New York, New York

A LEGITIMATE SCIENCE

To the editors:

It is refreshing to welcome TNR back to a reasonable position on sociobiology. Paul Seabright's excellent review of *Genes, Mind and Culture: The Coevolutionary Process* (TNR, December 2, 1981) counters previous TNR articles which contained damning criticism. The early reviewers wanted not only to discredit sociobiology but also to prevent discourse with other scientists and with the populace.

If the controversial arena of study is ill-conceived, as they claim, further research will show it so. I applaud Seabright and agree with him that indeed a better understanding of neurophysiology as well as other fields is needed to augment the original theories, but his summary indicates the potential value of sociobiology: "The possibilities are immense for a sociobiology that is more firmly grounded [and] this would be a sociobiology that social scientists ought to greet with enthusiasm."

D. Rick Van Schoik
Cardiff-by-the-Sea, California

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4 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On Carson, Weatherpeople, sociobiology, &c.

6 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ... REAGAN'S FIRST YEAR
Twelve months of events and non-events.

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... ECONOMIC REAGANORMITY
With 1930s-level unemployment and a growing deficit, the plan is—more of the same.

JERRY WURF, 1919-1981
He was cantankerous in all the right causes.

NOTEBOOK
Nursing homes, the U.N. succession, and more.

9 **TIMOTHY NOAH** ..... ON THE HILL: BARNEYMANDERED
How Barney Frank, perhaps the best of the young liberals, got rudely redistricted.

11 **ABRAHAM BRUMBERG** ..... POLAND: OPERATION WHITEWASH
Of the many lies that have accompanied the military assault on Solidarity, the biggest is that Jaruzelski had no alternative.

POLISH EYEWITNESS
An interview with Jan Kott.

14 **STANISLAW BARANCZAK** ..... POEM *14 December 1979: A Poetry Reading*

17 **JACQUES RUPNIK** ..... FROM 'PARTY-STATE' TO 'ARMY-STATE'
If Poland's Army dictatorship signals a future militarization of government in the Soviet bloc, the cost to 'Marxist legitimacy' could be fatal.

21 **MARK GREEN** ..... RICHER THAN ALL THEIR TRIBE
The enormous salaries and lavish perquisites of American corporate managers are unrelated to anything so vulgar as productivity.

28 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: THREE KINDS OF CHANGE
The Wilder-Diamond and Lemmon-Matthau duos past their prime, flabby relentlessness from Arthur Penn, and Ross's patchy *Pennies*.

30 **R.W.B. LEWIS** ..... THE JAMESES' IRISH ROOTS
An essay on County Cavan's gift to America: the 'Celtic genius' of Henry, William, and Alice comes from sources of surprising richness.

37 **JACK BEATTY** ..... THE ACIDS OF MODERNITY
All That is Solid Melts Into Air: The Experience of Modernity
by Marshall Berman

39 **JOSEPH FRIED** ..... BRIEF REVIEW
The Sting Man: Inside Abscam
by Robert W. Greene

43 **WASHINGTON DIARIST** ..... THE S35T
The magic of names and numbers.

COVER Painting by Peggy Gage for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Articles beginning on page 11.

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Reagan's First Year

About this time a year ago we were wondering what kind of a President Reagan would be. He looked good: pleasant smile, rugged face, fine wave of the hand. And he had all the right prejudices: against burdensome government, taxes, and deficits, and for more defense and a tough line toward Soviet Russia. His election followed the basic credo of the country: that the President can solve our problems, not Congress, not the Supreme Court. When one President can't deliver, elect the next. There hasn't been a two-term President in 20 years. So Carter was out, and Reagan was in.

The Iranian hostages were freed as Reagan took the oath, and Carter's last act as President was ordering the lights to be lit on the national Christmas tree at the White House. It had been darkened till then in national mourning. Carter delivered a moving and little-noticed farewell address, saying that we are asking our political system to do things of which the Founding Fathers never dreamed. He focused on three issues: "the threat of nuclear destruction, our stewardship of the physical resources of our planet, and the preeminence of the basic rights of human beings." The danger of nuclear war was "becoming greater," he said. But who cared about what Carter had to say? Reagan was President now.

The big issue, said Reagan, was the unbalanced budget, and he knew how to solve it. Taxes were too high; cut them, and people would pour money into savings and investments. He agreed with Representative Jack Kemp, the supply-side evangelist: the program would produce a boom, and the boom would finance everything, including the biggest defense increase in history. Carter had submitted a budget on January 15 with a prospective deficit of $55.2 billion. It was contemptuously brushed aside. Reagan would balance the budget. And so began the year which is now all but finished, Reagan saying at every point that the budget must be balanced and that deficits are evil things. Congress, for the most part, went along with him. On February 5, in his first economic address, he said, "We know now that inflation results from all that deficit spending."

On September 24 he reiterated that theme in a TV address to the nation. "I know that high interest rates are punishing many of you. . . . But all of us know that the interest rates will only come down when government is no longer borrowing high amounts of money to cover its deficits. . . . When I presented our economic recovery plan to Congress, I said we were aiming to cut the deficit steadily to reach a balance by 1984. . . ." And so on.

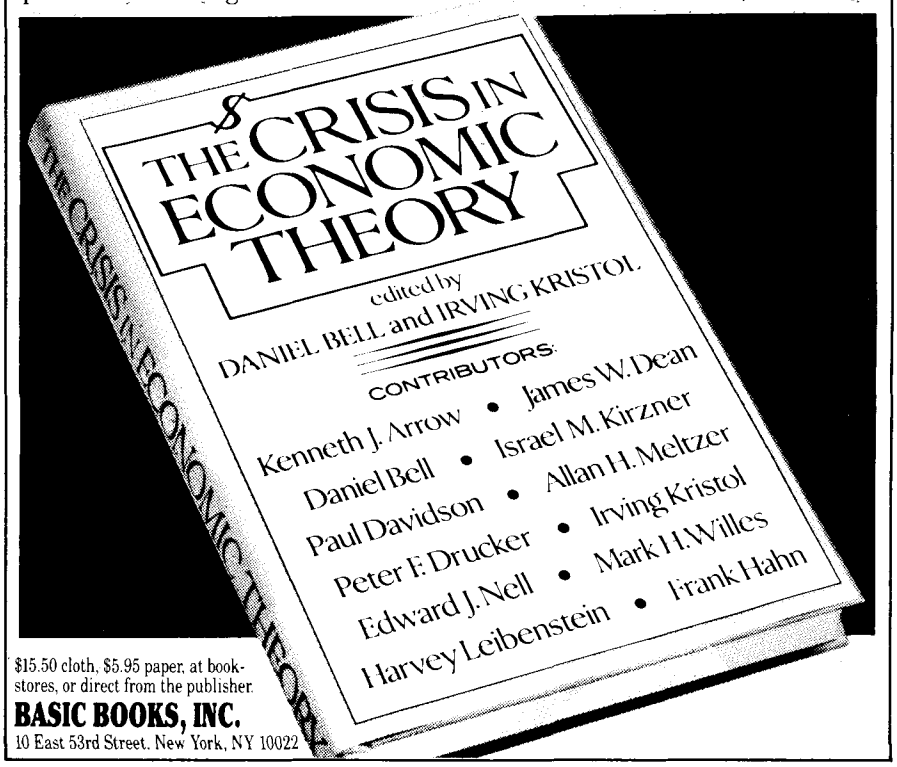
The big news in 1981 didn't happen. The Reagan boom that didn't come was the great financial non-event of the year. A Wall Street upsurge was supposed to follow the Reagan program of cutting taxes and reducing federal regulation. The Dow Jones Industrial Average did start upward, and went to a high of 1,024 on April 27. But alas, the business community just couldn't understand how Reagan was going to cut taxes and balance the budget, too. The Dow Jones was down to 824 on September 25, though it has recovered a lot since then. It was around 875 last week. Still, the stock market is depressed, and the bond market is even worse.

David Stockman also expected the upsurge: "The whole thing is premised on faith, on a belief in how the world works," he said. He forecast a boom "in '81, after April, of historic proportions." This was a parallel theory to supply-side economics. "Decisions to work, save, spend, and invest depend critically on expectations regarding future government policies," Reagan said on February 18. On March 10 he repeated, "Our tax proposal will, if enacted, have an immediate impact on the economic

continued on page 40

In search of a new economics

The collapse of the Keynesian consensus has brought about an unprecedented crisis in economic theory. Questioning the discipline's most basic assumptions, Daniel Bell, Irving Kristol, and ten other leading economists and social thinkers dissect the causes of the present impasse and provide vital insight into our economic future.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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JANUARY 6 & 13, 1982

ECONOMIC REAGANORMITY

Ronald Reagan's economic program is a wreck, but we don't know whether to laugh, cry, or say we told you so.

We are tempted to laugh at the spectacle of utter confusion besetting the Reaganites. Consider: the President who got elected promising an easy return to prosperity and the prospect of "jobs, jobs, jobs" has succeeded in plunging the country into a recession so deep that more people are out of work than at any time since the 1930s. The economic wizard who, as a candidate, portrayed deficit spending as a sign of moral turpitude, asked us to believe that tax cuts actually would expand government revenues and reduce deficits, and promised a balanced budget by 1984 has, as President, given us a cumulative three-year deficit approaching half a trillion dollars, in installments of $109 billion, $152 billion, and $162 billion over the next three years. Some of the President's advisers now say deficits don't matter; others say they do. The President's budget director lets it spill that he stopped believing in much of his boss's program early in the game, yet he's been retained to spend 16-hour days inflicting it on the country anew. The hard-core supply siders got off the bus months ago, complaining that none of it was any good without the gold standard anyhow. The once-solid, supremely self-confident Reagan team is beginning to crack and quarrel internally (and, increasingly, publicly too) over planned new budget cuts. Even good soldier Richard Schweiker, who smiled in early 1981 while the Administration slaughtered Health and Human Services programs committed to his care, now finds it impossible to keep silent as Mr. Stockman raises the ax on more of his already sad and malnourished step-babies.

We are tempted to laugh, too, at the disarray among Republicans. Vermont Governor Richard Snelling calls Reagan's plans "an economic Bay of Pigs." Outgoing White House political adviser Lyn Nofziger confesses it's all but impossible for the GOP to capture control of the House of Representatives in 1982, which means it's far less likely than previously feared that Ronald Reagan will be the FDR of the 1980s, the man who changed party alignments for a generation. In his press conference on December 17, Mr. Reagan tried to take credit for falling inflation while blaming Jimmy Carter for the recession. But he can't have it both ways, and the evidence shows that the public is not believing. An Associated Press-NBC poll shows Mr. Reagan's November approval rating down 17 points since August, to 46 percent. This is all good news for the Democratic Party.

We are tempted to say we told you so (but we will not dwell on this) because we have printed one piece after another patiently pointing out that Reaganomics could not work as promised: that tight money and tax cuts were contradictory policies and that money showered on rich people and corporations does not necessarily lead to increased investment and productivity, but to consumption, speculation, merger-mania, and the bizarre trade in tax write-offs (see, for example, "The Great Tax Benefit Sale," by William J. Quirk, TNR, December 30, 1981). We support the idea of tax cuts, curbs on the growth of federal spending, and de-bureaucratizing of the economy, but the Reaganites have taken these ideas to profligate extremes. We hoped they would suffer politically, and we are

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glad to see signs that they are beginning to.

But the proper response to Reagan economics is to cry. The Reaganites have inflicted unconscionable human damage already, and they plan to inflict more. A record nine million persons are unemployed in this country thanks to the Reagan-Volker recession, and the situation is made worse this year by cuts in programs that formerly helped the jobless. Some 300,000 persons who once had public service jobs now are on the street corner, thanks to elimination of the CETA program. Another 600,000 people who got extra unemployment benefits under trade adjustment assistance have been cut off. We supported elimination of that program, but nothing has been done to help the recipients find new jobs except Ronald Reagan's callous advice that they "vote with their feet" to take up nonunion employment in the Sunbelt.

Last year the government program to provide extended unemployment benefits was helping nearly 700,000 persons. This year, because of changes in laws and regulations, only 68,000 are receiving this help at a time of mounting joblessness. Previously, extended unemployment benefits became available (giving workers an additional 13 weeks of government aid beyond Unemployment Compensation's 26 weeks) when national unemployment reached 4.5 million persons. The Reagan Administration eliminated that national standard and instead applied local criteria for the extended benefit system. But, in a Catch-22, those previously receiving benefits were removed from the counting process, thus effectively undercutting the purpose of local programs.

A computer analysis conducted by the *Chicago Sun-Times* last summer showed that programs benefiting the poor and unemployed would take 39 percent of Reagan's proposed budget cuts, even though they represented only 14 percent of the federal budget. As it turned out, the injury to poor people actually was even more disproportionate, since other proposed cuts, such as subsidies for synfuels and the nuclear industry, never went through.

Next year, if the Administration gets its way, even more damage will be done. Faced with monstrous budget deficits, the lock-stepping Reaganites do not plan to reconsider their tax cuts or slow down the growth of military spending. Mr. Reagan indicated in his press conference on December 17 that he does not even plan to call for imposition of a windfall profits tax in the event he accelerates decontrol of natural gas prices. Speeded-up decontrol means a $180 billion-bonanza for energy companies over three years, and Mr. Reagan is against recouping even $20 billion of it for the federal treasury.

Instead, the Reaganites are promising "massive"—they use the word quite proudly—new cuts in domestic programs. Some of the targets include school lunches, job training for the poor, low-cost housing, sewer grants for cities, help for low-income college students, and food stamps. Mr. Stockman has even proposed folding Project Head Start into a block grant, so that states can "decide" whether or not poor children should get some pre-school education.

There is more to cry about. The Reagan cuts are so ill directed that they would eliminate programs, like Head Start and school lunches, which save money in the long run by providing opportunities for people to become trained, healthy, and productive. These programs constitute real supply-side economics because they expand America's human capital and not just its financial capital.

When people are done crying, though, it's time for them to cry out, demanding a change of course. The Democratic Party needs to lead that effort, and to be ready with a new map. Democrats should start in January by offering a counterbudget for fiscal year 1983 that will show the country an alternative out of the Reagan mess.

Jerry Wurf, 1919-1981

Jerry Wurf was so rambunctiously, loudly, blatantly alive that it was a real shock when he died the other day, at the age of 62. With his bushy eyebrows, gesticulating arms, and high-decibel Brooklyn voice, he tended to dominate any room he chanced to limp into. (Childhood polio had left him lame.) Under his leadership the New York branch of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees grew from a thousand members to 38,000; and after he became national president, in 1964, AFSCME quadrupled its membership to a million strong and became the largest union in the AFL-CIO. More important than the power he built, though, was what he used it for. He freed AFSCME from its chronic financial anemia and an unsavory relationship with the CIA, and turned it into a dynamic, democratic union that fought tenaciously for the rights and dignity of our society's most powerless people. It was an AFSCME strike of black garbage collectors—to which Mr. Wurf committed the full resources of the whole union—that brought Martin Luther King Jr. to Memphis in the final weeks of his life.

Jerry Wurf was notoriously impossible to work for; he was good at finding first-rate people and just as good at alienating them. (The result was that AFSCME's Washington headquarters became an involuntary recruiting service for liberal politicians and causes around town.) He was equally cantankerous with his brother union presidents. In the row of nodding heads that was the AFL-CIO Executive Council under George Meany, Mr. Wurf's mobile face was the only one that could be counted on to register outrage or indignation. He grew accustomed to having a fellow council

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member or two take him aside after a meeting and tell him how much they admired whatever hell he had just given ol' George. At one session, in 1971, he proposed a resolution calling for the withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam. It was rejected, 32 to 1. This gesture was supposed to have cost him "influence" within the house of labor. Maybe, but it was also his noblest hour. Though he led a union of government employees, no one was more unlike the stereotypically bland and timid bureaucrat than was Jerry Wurf. He'll be much missed.

NOTEBOOK

☐ THE LATEST GROUP of Americans from whose backs the Reagan Administration now plans to detach the government are the 1.3 million old folks who live in nursing homes. The idea is to quit coddling these people by getting rid of requirements that nursing homes hire attendants with no communicable diseases, maintain a safe, clean environment, and respect the dignity and privacy of patients. Does this seem to fly in the face of the divine injunction to "honor thy father and thy mother"? Well, never mind. The Ten Commandments don't have anything to do with the market anyway. They're just regulations.

☐ READERS OF THE December 13 *New York Times* were treated to a puzzle of the "this statement is false" variety: a three-column page three headline that read, "Diana Gets A Respite From the Press." The story was accompanied by a large photograph of the royal couple.

☐ AS OF JANUARY 1ST, the United Nations has a new Secretary General. The new man, Javier Pérez de Cuellar of Peru, seems a reasonable choice: a Western-educated diplomat from the third-world (with a love for "French cooking and Bordeaux wines" as the *New York Times* noted approvingly), Pérez de Cuellar also enjoys good relations with the Soviet Union, developed during his service as Peruvian ambassador to Moscow from 1969 to 1971. But the transfer of power signals no great departure from the ineffectual policies that marked the Waldheim era. In extolling Mr. Pérez de Cuellar's diplomatic talents, U.N. officials noted his handling of problems created by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and his role in relaxing tensions between the Greeks and Turks of Cyprus. Plaudits of this kind raise to new heights the notion of damning with faint praise. Thus concludes the undistinguished tenure of Kurt Waldheim. The canny Austrian, whose fear of decisive action was surpassed only by his bungling of the causes he did take up (the Iranian crisis, for example), is reportedly in line for the largely ceremonial presidency of Austria. Since this position will require of him nothing more than to breathe in and out, to collect a fat salary, and to be "neutral" about everything, he seems just the man to do the job.

☐ FIFTY YEARS AGO: "An outside observer in Poland is constantly struck, as I have said, by evidences of cultural and political repression. The closing of the Ukrainian University of Lwow (Lemberg) is a glaring instance in point. The accentuation of this repression by a fierce economic struggle makes one feel a certain instability in Polish policy. Moreover, the basic forces and the political relations in Poland are so novel and unusual that one finds it almost impossible to evaluate them or to foretell their future. The only conclusion a stranger can arrive at is that national and political exasperation is so widespread that, unallayed by a policy of conciliation, it threatens to undermine the whole fabric of the State. For this exasperation Marshal Pilsudski, with his idea of a rigidly centralized State, must be held largely responsible." ("Poland: An Empire on the Make," by Michael Farbman, TNR, January 13, 1932.)

ON THE HILL

BARNEYMANDERED

BARNEY FRANK, the freshman Democratic representative from Massachusetts who has impressed many as one of the few smart and aggressive new liberals on the Hill (see "Frank Liberalism," by Emily Yoffe, TNR, July 4 & 11, 1981), has been badly hurt by the Massachusetts legislature's recent gerrymandering. Republicans have cause to celebrate, not only because they may soon rid themselves of this promising young nuisance, but also because the behavior of the Massachusetts Governor and State House offers strong evidence that Democratic machine politicians devour their young.

Last September the *Newton-Brookline Tab* asked Governor Ed King to predict the fate of Margaret Heckler, one of two Republican representatives in Massachusetts, after congressional redistricting. Consider the political circumstances. The 1980 census required Massachusetts to eliminate one of its 12 congressional seats. The state that voted for George McGovern in 1972, and the home of House Speaker Tip O'Neill, surely wouldn't make life easy for its two Republican representatives when it came time to redraw the districts. The Republican seat to be scuttled would be Heckler's; Silvio Conte, the other Republican representative, was safely out of reach in the northwest corner of the state. Heckler would run against Barney

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Frank, who had just been elected to the adjoining fourth congressional district the previous November. Though Heckler had served in Congress for 15 years, her district is Democratic, and, one had to assume, the shrewd manipulation of the Democratic Massachusetts State House would assure her defeat. Barney Frank would prevail.

Or so it seemed in September. But when the *Tab* asked whether the Democrats would throw Margaret Heckler to the wolves, King gave a peculiar answer. He replied, "Well, I'd be very surprised if anything happened to Congresswoman Heckler's district that was an attempt to gerrymander her out. You know, I have a certain amount to say in that, and I won't let it happen." In a pristinely nonpartisan world, King's answer would seem to make perfect sense. Heckler's current district, in her own words, is "the only district in Massachusetts that currently meets the population standard for redistricting perfectly." But, given the crass realities of politics, it is unlikely that King was moved to defend Margaret Heckler's district on "good government" grounds. It is much likelier that he was responding to rumors that Heckler would run against him for governor if she didn't get a fair shake from the State House on redistricting. King's reelection worries are not unwarranted: he trails far behind former Governor Michael Dukakis and Lieutenant Governor Tommy O'Neill (Tip's son), and they're both Democrats. King may not have the chance to face *any* Republican in the general election unless he runs as an independent. But if he does, the Republican won't be Heckler. As Frank announced at a December 9 press conference called to protest the new Massachusetts redistricting plan, "The governor has made clear for a very long time that he wanted to help Mrs. Heckler, and I guess that's what happened."

THE NEW fourth congressional district is unusually elongated, even for Massachusetts gerrymandering, which tends to be extreme. Heckler is favored overwhelmingly. The composition will be roughly 70 percent Heckler and 26 percent Frank; 138,000 former Frank constituents are lumped with 360,000 Heckler constituents. And Heckler has done well in the segments of her old district to be incorporated into the new one. According to the *Boston Globe*, she carried those communities by a margin of 62 to 38 percent in the last election. "If you asked legislators to draw a map in which Barney Frank would never be a congressman again, this would be it," Frank said at his press conference. Would he run against Heckler? Frank waffled. "There are limits to what you put up with in an effort to be here," he said. "I'm not gonna act out a speaking role in my own mugging."

Things aren't so bad that Frank is likely to forfeit the election. He will keep Newton and Brookline, where he made a strong showing in 1980. Moreover, the new district is 40 percent Democratic, 40 percent independent, and only 20 percent Republican. A political figure as popular as Frank, who can get the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* (not to mention THE NEW REPUBLIC) to cover his redistricting troubles, while most freshman members of Congress have trouble getting their hometown newspapers to spell their names correctly, should have a fighting chance even in a district as misshapen as the Massachusetts fourth congressional. But one shouldn't underestimate the obstacles that have been placed before him. In Massachusetts, Frank says, "incumbency rather than party is the major predictor of how people vote." Ann Lewis, political director at the Democratic National Committee and Frank's sister, agrees that it is voter history, and not registration, that matters. By this measure, Frank's odds look bleak. A sizable number of Democrats have voted for Margaret Heckler over the past 16 years. It will be difficult for Frank to draw them back into the fold.

LIKELIER THAN NOT, Frank's main purpose in threatening not to run in the new district was to pressure the Massachusetts State House into putting Framingham back into his district. Although Frank would still have been at a numerical disadvantage even after recapturing 60,000 more of his former constituents (he didn't carry Framingham overwhelmingly in the last election), it was a disadvantage he was willing to live with. But Frank's efforts to get it back failed. As the time drew near for the final votes on the State House floor, Frank campaigned hard for Framingham among Democratic members of the Massachusetts congressional delegation. The plan Frank offered involved a three-way swap among Joseph Early, James Shannon, and himself. Shannon would give up Framingham to Frank and take a slice of Early's district; Early would take two towns from Heckler's former district, Attleboro and North Attleboro, from Frank. It's unclear how enthusiastic the delegation was about doing Frank this favor, but, at the prodding of Tip O'Neill, the representatives endorsed the swap. Early is said to have been the least helpful. He recalls that when Frank asked him to take the two Attleboros, "I said I didn't like it, but I'd go along with it." But he didn't make any effort to pass that information on to the State House leadership. Early said that if anyone had called, he would have said that the Framingham swap was OK. But no one bothered, indicating that the congessional delegation was not, as Frank later said, "ultimately the problem."

The real problem was machine politics. Frank is no freewheeling, opportunistic maverick (no one would mistake him for a Democratic John LeBoutillier), but he has been known to commit a minor act of party disloyalty now and then in the name of principle. Back in 1973, when he was serving Ward Five in the lower chamber on Beacon Hill, Frank supported a measure proposed by Governor Francis Sargent, a liberal Repub-

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lican, to create a black State Senate district. In supporting Sargent's plan, which prevailed, Frank earned the enmity of a number of Democrats in the Senate who were angry at the loss of Democratic black voters. Frank also annoyed his more obedient peers when he became an early critic of featherbedding in the Metropolitan Boston Transportation Authority—a traditionally powerful ally of the Massachusetts Democratic machine—and when he supported Republican Senator Edward Brooke's final, unsuccessful, reelection bid.

If Frank's ultimate failure to win back Framingham can be blamed on any single Massachusetts pol, it's State Senate president William Bulger. Bulger's Senate district was among those that had to lose some Democratic voters to create the black Senate district in 1973. As the *Globe* delicately put it in an editorial that appeared the morning of the Senate vote, "There is a history of political—and, some say, personal—antagonism between the two." Frank was characteristically blunter. Bulger, he said, "never intended to do anything but screw me."

Not even a last-minute phone call from Tip O'Neill, who spoke with State House leaders on Frank's behalf several times during the week before the passage of the redistricting plan, could sway Bulger. Had O'Neill really wanted to be of help to Frank, he might have offered to give him Ward Five, Frank's old State House district. But, as luck would have it, Tommy O'Neill lives in Ward Five, and if Tommy doesn't get the Democratic nomination for governor he may want to take over the eighth congressional when his father is finished with it. Perhaps that's what went through Bulger's mind when he talked to Tip O'Neill. But regardless of what motivated Bulger as he activated the party machine, the machine operated swiftly and efficiently. Frank's bid for Framingham failed in the lower chamber on December 14 and in the upper on the day after. If a Republican wins in the fourth congressional distict next November, it will be thanks to good old-fashioned Democratic politics.

TIMOTHY NOAH

Broken promises, bad faith, hypocrisy, and a Polish Quisling.

POLAND: OPERATION WHITEWASH

BY ABRAHAM BRUMBERG

ONE COULD have written the script for "Operation Whitewash" in advance. No sooner does General Jaruzelski and his "Military Council of National Salvation," in the best tradition of fascist juntas everywhere, unleash a reign of terror in his "beloved fatherland"; no sooner are jails and "detention" camps filled with thousands of "counterrevolutionary" and "extremist" labor leaders, writers, scholars, and intellectuals, than a chorus of Western voices is raised to "explain" and even to justify these murderous steps.

Seldom in recent years has the principle of "might makes right" been paid so much homage, seldom has the tendency to blame the victim rather than the criminal been so flagrant, and seldom has standard totalitarian propaganda been given so much credence. An estimable editor of an estimable newspaper appears on an estimable television program to express sympathy for a military man motivated by "patriotic" impulses. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau of Canada says that military rule in Poland, if it prevents a civil war, "isn't bad" (this after Jaruzelski and his cohorts had in fact launched a war against their countrymen). In East Germany, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany tells his listeners, most of them East German troops blocking him off from contact with the local population, that he and his East German host agree that the solution of the crisis should be left to the Poles (*which* Poles?) themselves. An eminent journalist expresses his profound sympathies for the Polish people, but pronounces "the military experiment" the lesser of two evils—the greater presumably being an occupation not by a Quisling but by his master. And in an otherwise perceptive analysis of the Polish crisis appearing in last week's TNR, "Solidarity Riven," Xan Smiley accepts the official line of the junta: that the military took charge only after all other

Abraham Brumberg, former editor of *Problems of Communism* and a frequent contributor to these pages, is preparing a book on Poland.

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means of resolving the crisis had been exhausted.

All this is not meant to condemn Western observers for lack of prescience or political acumen. Sadly, Jaruzelski's *blitzkrieg* came as a devastating shock to everyone. Moreover, when martial law was first declared, it was still possible to assume that it was indeed a temporary, if contemptible, operation, designed not so much to crush the whole process of democratization as to negotiate with Solidarity from a "position of strength." But within 24 hours this was proved little more than a chimera. What is of paramount importance now, therefore, is to shed all illusions about what exactly did take place, and to place the responsibility for this monstrous tragedy where it belongs. If there is any shred of hope left for Poland, it rests to a large extent on the West's response, which in turn can be predicated only on a realistic appraisal of the genesis and present nature of the Polish catastrophe.

To begin with, the official version, which so many people in the West have accepted in whole or in part, must be examined. The imposition of martial law on Poland—so this version runs—was dictated by the steadily deteriorating economic and political situation in the country, by the burgeoning threat of a "civil war," and by the need (never spelled out but implied) to avert intervention by Poland's "fraternal allies." The principal culprit for creating this situation is Solidarity. We are told that Solidarity had in the past been dominated by "reasonable" men, moderates, but that lately their influence had been eroding, their position in the union slowly taken over by hotheads bent on a confrontation with the government and intent on abolishing the Communist system altogether. These "irresponsible elements" showed their true colors in the town of Radom on December 3, at a joint meeting of Solidarity's Presidium and the chairmen of the union's regional chapters. At this meeting, which rang with strident calls for "*la lutte finale*," a resolution was drafted which amounted to an ultimatum to the government. A tape of the proceedings, procured by a "loyal" Pole, presumably demonstrated unequivocally that Solidarity had abandoned the road to compromise and understanding. As Murray Marder's tortuous apologia in the December 20 *Washington Post* put it, the tapes finally "did Solidarity in." Jaruzelski, "a Pole first and a Communist second" (according to Marder's curious reasoning), simply had no choice. Similarly, according to Xan Smiley in TNR, Jaruzelski futilely sought "an accommodation" with the union. He launched his military move when faced with Solidarity's intolerable call for a national referendum on—among other things—the legitimacy of his government and Poland's relationship with the Soviet Union.

COMING:

Eugene McCarthy on Military Music.

Like every elaborate deception, this one contains a kernel of truth. It is true that "extremists" or "fundamentalists" were gaining strength in the union, both among Solidarity's rank and file and within its leadership. It is true that Solidarity was slowly shedding its character as a labor movement only (it was never merely a trade union) and beginning to play an essentially political role, and that this transformation was viewed by the party hardliners, along with their protectors in Moscow, with real alarm. (See my article, "Solidarity's Dilemma," TNR, November 25, 1981.) And the proposal for a referendum could be considered provocative, even though—*pace* so many Western reports—it was *never* formally adopted by the union.

Yet there are many other truths which those who talk so glibly about Jaruzelski's lack of alternatives are either ignorant about or choose to ignore. They are:

First, broken promises. For nearly 16 months Solidarity had insisted that some of the major commitments made by the authorities in the various agreements of August 1980 be put into effect. This was not done. Those commitments included Solidarity's access to the mass media and thoroughgoing economic reforms. On the matter of media access, the government refused even to discuss it, on the specious grounds that Solidarity was engaging in a massive anti-government propaganda campaign. As *Solidarity Weekly* of December 4 observed, ever so gently: "Solidarity, however, does not demand, as a precondition for negotiations, the termination of the propaganda campaign against the union, a campaign which has been waged for several months on TV, radio, and in most of the newspapers—that is to say, in the mass media which the government still fully controls." On the economy, the government introduced a fairly reasonable plan for economic reforms in July, some provisions of which Solidarity accepted by October, though after a painful struggle. In the middle of November, the government suddenly prepared a decree, without consultation with the union and even over the objections of the Government Commission for Economic Reforms, that would in effect nullify all the proposals for an indefinite period of time.

Second, bad faith. Solidarity wanted to discuss with the government the proposal for the creation of a Social Council on the National Economy, whose function would be to supervise, advise upon, and monitor government economic policies. The government declared itself ready to discuss it, but in the few meetings that took place in November 1981 it became clear that

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the authorities were merely playing for time, and had no intention of tackling this matter in earnest.

Third, hypocrisy. The government kept insisting that Solidarity join the "Front of National Unity," a sham body, as a precondition for negotiations on any other matters. Since this would have effectively deprived Solidarity of any influence over decision-making, it should come as no surprise that Solidarity rejected this condition out of hand, and that the population's trust in the government's credibility sank even lower.

By the time of the Radom meeting on December 3, there was no doubt that the authorities were not truly interested in working out a genuine "partnership" with Solidarity, notwithstanding its sanctimonious assurances. As the last—and by now tragically historic—issue of *Solidarity Week* chillingly says:

> The undoubtedly crucial factor influencing the proceedings of the meeting, as well as its results, was the conviction that at the time when unionists were meeting here in Radom, somewhere in an unknown place a secret project for a decree was being prepared, a decree effect on the life of the whole country and on the existence of the Union. This decree, if implemented, could at one and the same time eradicate all post-August achievements, along with those laws which have been so arduously worked out jointly with the Union, and those on which work is proceeding right now.

In the light of all this, it is not surprising that emotions in Radom ran high, and that—as the same article concluded—the government could not expect the meeting to adopt a less intransigent position. (That position, though, was by no means an ultimatum. However firmly phrased, it amounted to a restatement of Solidarity's previous demands—all to be negotiated with the government—plus one: that actions against the union, such as mendacious propaganda, beatings, and arrests, cease immediately.) The economy of the country was collapsing; the mood of the population was one of mounting despair. Yet instead of making the single decision that could avoid a national catastrophe—namely, to make the necessary concessions, however unpalatable and unprecedented, which would strengthen the moderates, still very much in control of Solidarity, and which would give the people a sense of participation in its own future—the government, and *not* Solidarity, engaged in stealthy preparations for an ultimate showdown.

Tygodnik Solidarność

37 11 grudnia 1981 roku Cena 9 zł

W następnym 32-stronicowym numerze, ostatnim w tym roku, drukujemy książkę Krystyny Kersten „Historia polityczna Polski 1944 – 1956"

Kto uniemożliwia porozumienie?

...sztandar, który niósł przed zbirami z ochrony chłopcem.

SZTANDAR I DRZWI

MAŁGORZATA NIEZABITOWSKA

Czarny czwartek

The front page of the December 11 issue of Solidarity Weekly, *the last to be published before the military occupation. The main headline reads* FLAG AND DOOR. *It refers to a door and a blood-spattered flag (shown in the photograph), on which workers carried the body of a 17-year-old student killed in the Gdansk uprising of December 1970.*

The same issue of the union *Weekly*, which appeared on December 11, two days before the imposition of martial law, proves that the Solidarity leaders had more than a vague premonition of what was in store for them. A laconically titled article, "Coup," spells out the various scenarios that the bill of special emergency powers—secretly presented for approval by the *Sejm* (Parliament) but clearly unacceptable to this no longer pliant body—might entail if it were put into effect:

> Militarization of work enterprises, which converts bureaucratic directives into commands; military courts replace civil courts; all union activities, as well as activities by all other organizations and associations, are

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terminated; all public gatherings outside of religious observances are outlawed; the censorship law is suspended—which means imposition of arbitrary censorship that could include the proscription of any publication; limitation on freedom of travel out of the country as well as—ATTENTION!—movement within the country.

ATTENTION! Now, after the blow has fallen, the word has an almost unbearably tragic ring. One can ask, of course, why Solidarity, clearly aware of its impending fate, let itself be caught in the trap. Why hadn't it taken any precautionary measures, why wasn't brute force met, if not with equal force, then at least with large-scale and well-organized passive resistance? We may not know the answer to these questions for some time, though certain factors certainly played a part: overconfidence, a certain sense of unreality (what Neal Acherson, in his excellent book *The Polish August* calls "cognitive dissonance"), a refusal to believe that the authorities were capable of such savagery, and the undeniable fact that on previous occasions similar threats had been averted in the last hour. Yet to ask this question is in itself to give the lie to the claim of the military dictatorship that Solidarity was on the eve of staging a "counterrevolution." To blame Solidarity's downfall on the union itself—which so many Western commentators are still doing—is like claiming that a man, methodically beaten up by a sadistic cop and desperately groping for a weapon to defend himself, has a bullet in the head coming to him—for didn't he provoke the servant of the law?

A few more words about the official rationale and Western apologetics are in order. The contention that Poland was being rent by strikes and civil disturbances—a contention repeated *ad nauseum* by official media during November and early December, the very period that the government piously maintained that it sought a negotiated settlement—is a lie. Only two strikes were still in force, the rest having ceased at the urgent appeal of Solidarity's National Committee. And those two strikes involved only 125,000 members of Poland's work force, 12 million strong. The claim that the country's economy come to a virtual standstill in 1981 because of work stoppages is false as well. According to the Central Statistical Office's figures for the first three-quarters of the year, only 1.7 percent of all work days lost were attributed to strikes.

Then there is the assertion that Jaruzelski, a "genuine patriot," had been presented with an ultimatum from his Soviet masters: either you impose martial law, or we march in. There is no evidence to support this contention. Certainly the Soviet Union had been exerting enormous pressure on the Polish government to move against Solidarity. Certainly Jaruzelski undertook the operation with the full blessings and connivance of Moscow. But he was acting not only—to use Zbigniew Brzezinski's pithy phrase—as a "Soviet proxy." He was also acting on behalf of all those dark forces inside Poland that were hell-bent on clinging to their power, that would do anything to stem the tide of democratization, that would sanction any action, any price, to keep their grip on the country. The events of the past few months bear this out. The understandable reluctance of the Soviet Union to precipitate a bloody war with 35 million Poles is a matter of record. And had the Soviets invaded Poland (which is far more likely now than in the past, with military occupation and naked force inviting desperate counteroffensives which the Polish security force of 55,000 may not be able to cope with), the immediate results might perhaps have been more

14 DECEMBER 1979: A POETRY READING

For the poet Leszek

They came, since there are certain matters, and you
gentlemen have only yourselves to blame.
They entered, since there are certain laws and surely
you don't want us to force the door.
They stopped the reading, since there are certain words
and we're giving you some friendly advice.
They took away the poems, since there are certain
limits and we might as well agree.
They took down everyone's name, since there are
certain regulations and please sir don't try our
patience.
They searched the apartment, since there are certain
rules and ma'am kindly keep that child quiet.
They took a few people away, since there are certain
special reasons and don't you worry, your
husband will be back day after tomorrow.
They didn't strike anyone, since there are certain
forms and of course you gentlemen would like
nothing better.
They didn't work long, since there is a certain film on
TV and a man is only human.

STANISLAW BARANCZAK

From *Tryptyk z betonu, zmeczenia i sniegu* (*Tryptic of Concrete, Fatigue and Snow*), Paris, Instytut Literacki, 1981. Translated by Magnus J. Krynski and Robert A. Maguire.

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POLISH EYEWITNESS

Jan Kott is a Polish émigré scholar, professor of English and comparative literature at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, and author of *Shakespeare, Our Contemporary*. He was in Warsaw and Krakow the week before and the week after the declaration of martial law. He was interviewed for THE NEW REPUBLIC by Abraham Brumberg.

TNR: *What was the atmosphere like in Poland in the days immediately following the imposition of martial law?*

KOTT: We have had a lot of political changes in Poland since World War II—from one Party secretary to another, from one regime to another. But this is something new: this is a state of war. From the point of view of the feeling of the Polish people, the feeling on the street, the closest comparison is to the first days and nights of the German occupation. The curfew, the closing of all associations, the appointment of commissars to control all organizations, the telephones cut off, no theaters, no movies, proclamations forbidding all activities, with punishments from two years to capital punishment, the militarization of the factories—these are exactly the same as during the German occupation.

TNR: *How would you describe, in general, the mood of the people, from your own observations?*

KOTT: At first, the reaction was one of shock mixed with hope. For in the past, people may have lived in slavery or semi-slavery, but this seemed to be, in the first few hours, something relatively new and different. For a short while, people wanted to believe that something good would come of it. But now everybody knows that they are living in a state of war and that nothing, absolutely nothing, can change until that state of war comes to an end.

TNR: *What about Jaruzelski's attempt to detach himself from a thoroughly discredited Party and appeal in the name of patriotism?*

KOTT: I am reminded of Marx's *18th Brumaire*, in which he describes how the moment came when the French bourgeoisie could not govern with its bourgeois parliament, its bourgeois press, its bourgeois judges, even its bourgeois militia—it could govern only with the army. Well, the Communist regime in Poland created a fake law, a sham press, fraudulent unions, and finally a Party. But in the moment of crisis, these fake institutions, this screen between the real power and the real social structures, collapsed. It became impossible to work through the Party. And so the operation was staged entirely by Jaruzelski and Moscow.

TNR: *Isn't it true, though, that a so-called "true Leninist core" of hardliners within the Party is now emerging?*

KOTT: That is correct, yet it is a fact that the function of the Party, on the highest levels, has ceased to exist.

TNR: *Did you see any instances of violence?*

KOTT: Not personally. I spoke to a woman in an advanced state of pregnancy—a very reliable witness—who was evacuated from a hospital in Katowice. She told me that the special security troops attacked the hospital, began to beat the wounded miners, and confiscated all the blood and plasma for the use of the militia. The miners were cruelly beaten as they lay in their beds.

TNR: *Here in the West it is frequently said that if the government were to turn to the regular army units for help in suppressing the workers, the soldiers would refuse to obey orders. Do you think this assumption is correct?*

KOTT: The usual procedure is that the army surrounds a factory, and then it is the special security forces which launch the actual attack, with the army in the background. I have heard eyewitness reports of regular army conscripts helping workers to get away from the security troops, and if there were a situation in which the conscript soldiers were told to shoot their brothers and sisters, there probably would be some sort of resistance. But if there is resistance after another week or so, the assumption is that Soviet troops will be called in. There is certainly a widespread feeling in Poland today that this may be in the offing. Let me also say something about the arrests. It is a mistake to think that they have been done in a haphazard way. On the contrary, the lists were compiled meticulously in advance. The authorities have been arresting individuals whom they regard as real or potential leaders of various opposition centers.

TNR: *Do you think that the Jaruzelski regime will be able to find collaborators among Solidarity leaders?*

KOTT: Yes, it is already happening. The daily papers in Warsaw have published declarations by middle-level Solidarity leaders who have pledged their loyalty to the regime. Among intellectuals, too, collaborators can be found.

TNR: *What about the attitude of the Church?*

KOTT: I think the authorities were surprised to meet with stiff resistance from the priests, and indeed, some of them have been put under arrest. But I don't think the church will challenge the regime openly.

TNR: *If one were to ask an average person in Poland today what he hopes for from the West, what do you think would be his reply?*

KOTT: The first thing is that the West should fully understand what has actually happened in Poland—that a coup was staged with the direct help and under the supervision of the Soviet army. The Soviet Union had been determined to "solve" the Polish problem without the explicit involvement of its own forces. It must be understood that this was not a coup staged by the patriotic Polish army for the sake of the Polish nation. It is a move to crush the movement of independence just as in Hungary and Czechoslovakia.

TNR: *What do they expect the West to do in terms of moral and other support?*

KOTT: To use every conceivable lever of pressure—political, economic, psychological—on the Soviet Union and the so-called Polish government, never to relent.

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harrowing. But that does not make General Jaruzelski a "patriot." As Brzezinski rightly put it, in an interview with *The Washington Post*, "Quisling considered himself to be a Norwegian patriot, acting in keeping with the New Order of Europe. Jaruzelski may consider himself as a Polish patriot, acting in keeping with the Soviet order and imposing it on Poland."

Finally, there is the more insidious rationalization for the Polish war on its own people: that the experiment was doomed to fail, that there was never a ghost of a chance that so colossal a challenge to Communist and Soviet hegemony could possibly succeed. This question can't be answered with any certitude now; it will no doubt be pondered by historians for years to come. Yet many of those Western anti-Marxist historical determinists who, with smug and almost obscene *Schadenfreude*, will now be intoning "I told you so," are precisely those who opposed extending any help—political or economic—to the Polish people during their 16 intoxicating months of freedom. Those who argued that offering economic aid (which might well have strengthened the hand of moderates not only in Solidarity but also in the Party) would be tantamount to "bailing out a Communist government" are partially responsible for making their own predictions come true. No one, of course, can claim that the Polish "renewal" would have triumphed if Western governments had immediately responded to it both with threats against the Soviet Union and with offers to finance the attempt to bring democracy and stability to the heart of Europe. By apportioning some responsibility to the West, I do not mean, of course, to shift any responsibility whatever from Jaruzelski. But surely the attempt should have been made.

The burden for the horrible fate that has now befallen Poland rests squarely where it always has, on its leaders. Again and again successive Polish governments have justified their claims to uncontested power by the formula *"raison d'état"*—which is to say, the danger of Soviet intervention. Once more the formula is invoked, and once more the West is in danger of accepting it in order to lend legitimacy to a foul conspiracy, and to provide an excuse for its own passivity. But history, like politics and revolutions, though subject to certain imperatives, does not unfold in accordance with any elaborate blueprint. It is at least legitimate to speculate that, at any given moment since August 1980, if the Polish leadership had shown wisdom and genuine urge for national self-preservation—rather than merely greed and the instinct for political survival—it could have influenced the march of events and offered the people of Poland what they have struggled for, and spilled their blood for, not only during the past 35 years, but throughout Poland's history. If Jaruzelski and his armed thugs were indeed "genuine patriots," could they not have, instead of colluding with Moscow, offered genuine cooperation to their own people, and made it clear to the Soviet leaders that any attempt to arrest the process of democratization would be met with the resolute opposition of the entire nation, including its sizable and well-trained armed forces? Gomulka did precisely that in October 1956. By mobilizing the security troops not against his own people but to repulse a possible attack from outside, he became, for a brief time, a national hero. He then squandered the opportunity to translate his immediate gain into long-term advantage. In 1970, he was dethroned. If any prediction can be ventured at this somber hour, it is that Jaruzelski, too, is bound to fail. He has now virtually forfeited any chance that he and his associates will ever earn any trust from his people. And so, even though the reign of terror may last for some time, ultimately Jaruzelski, too, will have to go. For beyond everything else, Jaruzelski, like so many of his predecessors, is abysmally stupid. No attempt to rule by force in a country like Poland has ever succeeded. No legitimacy can be bought at the expense of suffering and human lives. The struggle between society and its handful of power-mad leaders is bound to go on. That much history has taught us.

Blood And Blood Libel

As this article was going to press, Radio Vienna and Radio Paris reported that Taduesz Mazowiecki, the editor of *Solidarity Weekly*, was killed by Jaruzelski's storm troopers. Mazowiecki, a respected Catholic liberal, head of the Warsaw Club of Catholic Intelligentsia, and for many years editor of the weekly journal *Wiez* (Link), was a highly respected scholar, editor, and journalist. He was a man of preeminently moderate leanings who let his immense moral stature to the attempts—now so brutally aborted—to the effort to seek a peaceful solution to the crisis in his country. His blood—like the blood of hundreds of others—will be forever on the conscience of Poland's "supreme patriot."

Marek Edelman, the legendary hero of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, a distinguished physician and heart-specialist and a man whom only the most blatant propagandist could possibly brand an "extremist," has been arrested. But then, Warsaw Television has now announced that Gierek, too, had been in cahoots with the "Zionist conspiracy." Night, the cruelest and most ominous of all, has now descended upon Poland.

A. B.

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Eastern Europe and the '18th Brumaire' of General Jaruzelski.

From 'Party-State' To 'Army-State'

By Jacques Rupnik

A MILITARY JUNTA should be called by its name; Poland is now occupied by its own Army. The Polish Army's takeover had the standard ingredients of a military coup (draconian martial law, mass internments, seizure of the communications network) except one; it was aimed not at overthrowing the existing civilian power (the Communist Party) but rather at liquidating the main force that has been challenging the Party's monopoly of political power for over a year. However, the takeover was *not* made in the name of the Party. Addressing the nation on Sunday morning, December 13, General Jaruzelski, the head of what was dubbed the Military Council of National Salvation, emphasized that he was speaking as a military man and as the head of the government. He did not mention the Communist Party, of which he is also the leader.

'OUR ARMY IS THE ARMY OF THE LIBERATION OF THE WORKING CLASS' SOVIET PROPAGANDA POSTER BY V. KORETSKY, 1939

In effect, the Polish Army intervened to fill a political vacuum left by the collapse of the political authority of the Communist Party. That collapse was the result of a deep and chronic social and political crisis that culminated in the summer of 1980 with the open defiance of Communist rule by the entire working class—the very class in whose name the Party claimed to rule. From that point on the speed with which the Communist Party decayed was directly proportional to the emergence of Solidarity as the genuine voice of the nation. It could be argued that the "withering away," not exactly of the State, but of what is euphemistically described as the "leading role" of the Communist Party within it, has been a feature—though obviously under different forms and with varying intensity—in all the major postwar crises in Eastern Europe. In Hungary in 1956 and in Czechoslovakia in 1968, the Soviet invasion restored the *ancien régime*. But the Polish reforms had gone too far for them to be quelled in this way. For internal as well as international reasons the old remedy no longer applied, and the Polish Army was able to come to the fore of the political scene.

Long before the coup, the Polish government apparatus had been undergoing a process of creeping militarization. Generals had assumed key ministerial posts and had been dispatched to 2,000 towns and villages in October to stiffen the faltering local administration. These moves now appear clearly as the dress rehearsal for the military's assumption of complete administrative control. The new Military Council announced that it will exercise power through "departmental, provincial, municipal, and parish plenipotentiaries." But the most significant turning point in this transformation of the Communist Party-State into an Army-State was the nomination of General Jaruzelski

Jacques Rupnik is a specialist on East European affairs for the BBC World Service. His history of Czechoslovak Communism has just been published in Paris.

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as leader of the Communist Party. Until then, all the countries of Soviet bloc had maintained the principle that military power is subordinate to civil power, and any attempt by military leaders to gain undue influence had been rebuffed by the Party. The tragic fate of General Tukhachevsky in 1938, the purge of the military by Stalin immediately after his victory in World War II, and the dismissal of Marshal Zhukov by Nikita Khrushchev in 1957 were all meant to cut short any "Bonapartist" temptation. Following in Stalin's footsteps as supreme commander of their countries' armed forces, Brezhnev and Rumania's Nicolae Ceausescu ostentatiously demonstrate the Party's control over the Army. But the case of General Jaruzelski is quite the opposite: he is a "professional" military man who took over the government and the Party. This is particularly important both because it is unprecedented and because such an appointment would have been impossible without Soviet approval. Jaruzelski's political rise sets a precedent which could be significant for the forthcoming succession in the Kremlin itself.

IN A WAY, Poland is merely a magnification of trends present in the whole Communist system. But there are a number of reasons why the Army in Poland acquired such a peculiarly preeminent role. First, it is the only governmental force which has retained its cohesion and ability to act in a crisis marked by the collapse of all official institutions. That too is an important precedent, one that points to the primarily domestic function of the army in the Eastern European member states of the Warsaw Pact. The Army has remained unaffected by the decomposition of Party legitimacy, which had been founded on an ideological promise of a radiant future that long since ceased to inspire anybody in Eastern Europe. Paying lip service to the official ideology, the Polish Army tended to rely, at least since 1956, more on the values of traditional nationalism and law and order. A recent opinion poll asked the public which institutions it had the most confidence in. The Catholic Church received the highest rating, followed by Solidarity. The Army was rated third, but far ahead of the Party. The Polish Army's good standing in the eyes of Polish society predates Communism. Some have even been tempted to compare General Jaruzelski to Marshal Joseph Pilsudski. Pilsudski became a national hero fighting first the Germans in World War I and then the Russians in 1920 and 1921, when the Red Army made its first attempt to export the Bolshevik Revolution. In 1926, Pilsudski staged a military coup to "put the house in order" after a period of unrest and Parliamentary chaos. Though General Jaruzelski himself might prefer his action to be compared to the 1926 model rather than that of 1956 or 1968, whatever prestige the Polish Army might have had vanished when the first worker was shot. Jaruzelski's implicit justification for the takeover (that if the Polish Army hadn't stepped in the Soviet Army would) is dismissed by the Poles as a pseudo-patriotic varnish on an attempt to crush a social movement which needs no lessons in patriotism.

The fact that the Army is there to replace the flagging authoritarianism of the Party does not necessarily mean it is a conservative force. In contrast to the failure of the Party as a political institution, the Army has a virtual monopoly on administrative rationality, and it is the main modernizing force throughout the Soviet bloc. It is the Army—not the long-heralded technocracy—that is emerging as the most dynamic element in the Soviet bloc. The military has become the most efficient sector in the Soviet economy, and its role as a driving force behind Soviet foreign policy has enhanced its political standing in the stagnant waters of a gerontocratic Politburo. Thus both domestic and international factors account for the recent rise of military influence in Communist politics. Yet although the military today represents the only real success story of the Soviet system, the domestic military coup in Poland reveals the depth of the internal crisis of Communist rule in Eastern Europe.

That crisis is by no means confined to Poland, and it is derived from the inability of the system, since the end of the Stalinist era, to undergo fundamental change. The Prague Spring of 1968 represented the culmination of the post-1956 Khrushchevian de-Stalinization. It was an attempt to channel pressures for change within the Communist Party into a "revised" or "humanized" version of Marxism. Looking back at Prague 1968 from the point of view of Gdansk 1981, one cannot help thinking that, from Moscow's point of view, the Czechoslovak experiment was a last opportunity. The invasion did provide the Kremlin with a decade of relative stability in Eastern Europe, but the ban on political reform imposed in 1968 meant that pressure for change could only come from outside the Party, thus making it much harder to control. This is what led to the Polish summer and the emancipation of civil society from the State through the workers' general strike. As the Italian Communist leader Enrico Berlinguer said, the Polish Army's violent suppression of the first independent labor movement under Communist rule marks the end of an era opened by the Russian Revolution.

THE TWO FEARS that have haunted the East European authorities about the Polish events during the last 18 months have now become more apparent in their response to the military takeover in Poland. The first is the fear of the Polish changes spreading to other Warsaw Pact nations—the contagion of free trade unionism and the defiance of authority through strike action. The second fear has been that a collapse of the Polish regime would lead to a Soviet invasion, which would entail both unpredictable domestic consequences and a major crisis in East-West relations. Thus the response of the East Euro-

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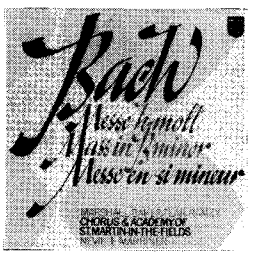

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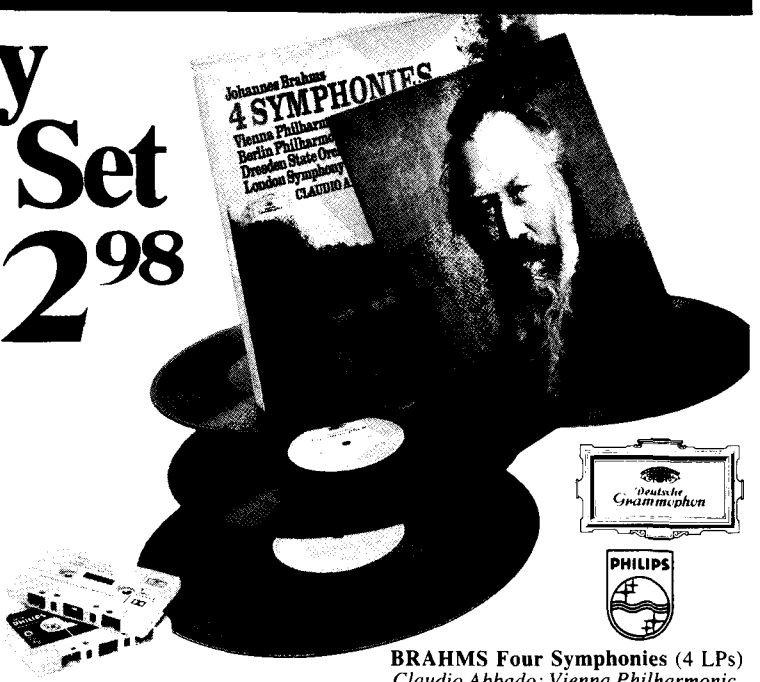

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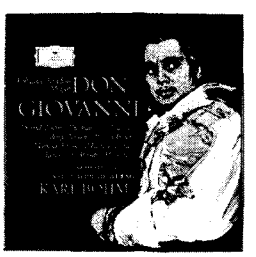

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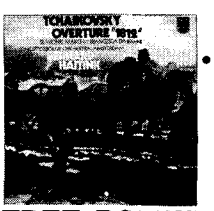

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pean regimes to the military crackdown on Solidarity has been mainly one of relief.

The Husak regime in Czechoslovakia was, predictably, the first to announce its full support in the struggle against "counter-revolutionary forces" to bring about a "normalization" of the situation. The use of this vocabulary, inherited from the 1968 Soviet-led invasion, shows that the specter of the Prague Spring still haunts the Prague leadership, which was prompt to recognize that the purpose of the self-occupation of Poland by the Polish Army was not much different from that of the "internationalist assistance" that restored Communist orthodoxy in Czechoslovakia in 1968 and has preserved it ever since.

THE ANALOGY with 1968 would be rejected by another warm supporter of the Polish coup, Rumanian leader Nicolae Ceausescu, who also warns against "outside intervention." Faced with a severe economic crisis, a hard currency debt almost as serious as Poland's, the worst standard of living in the Soviet bloc, and potentially explosive popular discontent, the Rumanian regime is clearly the most wary of catching the Polish desease. Ceausescu had criticized the Polish Party for excessive leniency on a number of occasions. Now he finds in General Jaruzelski a suitable ally. The program is domestic authoritarianism, Rumanian or Polish style, as the guarantor of "internal stability" and "national sovereignty vis-à-vis Moscow.

The Hungarian and East German Communists are more concerned about the impact the Polish crisis is likely to have on East-West relations. Because of their relatively much better economic situation, neither the Hungarians nor the East Germans seem particularly vulnerable to the contagion of the Polish experiment in democratic trade unionism. For East Germany, the main source of infection is West Germany, which is also the main source of hard currency and advantageous trade. Hence Erich Honecker's keenness to consolidate those ties during Chancellor Schmidt's visit to East Germany while Gdansk was being occupied by Jaruzelski's troops. Similarly, Janos Kadar in Hungary is hoping that the Polish events will not lead to a breakdown in East-West relations, on which the patiently built and carefully managed Hungarian compromise is largely dependent. A Hungarian radio broadcast on the day of the Polish coup even suggested that the action of the Polish Army should be considered favorably in comparison to the alternative of a Russian invasion, which the Hungarians experienced in 1956. This argument of the "lesser evil" is clearly the bitter "lesson of history" which the Communist leaderships would like their peoples to accept—for the Poles and by extension for themselves. And indeed the self-occupation of Poland will probably be seen at first by most East Europeans as the ultimate proof that no substantial change can occur in their lands until there is real change in Moscow. Thus, like 1956 and 1968, 1981 may simply feed the already widespread pessimism and passivity.

In Poland the application of a military solution to the social and political crisis of a whole system has a deep significance for the future of the entire Soviet bloc. In what Marx would have called the 18th Brumaire of General Jaruzelski, the Army is seemingly attempting to present itself as the arbiter between social forces (the Party bureaucracy and the working class) engaged in a suicidal competition. The implicit suggestion is that a "normalization" could be based on a tacit agreement between the Army and the powerful Catholic Church, as the respective spokesmen for the State and society; this would be accompanied by the simultaneous dissolution of Solidarity and the Party. The fact is that this political strategy is bogus; that it cannot be sustained by the arrests of a few "politically dead" Party officials while thousands of Solidarity activists are interned on what is suitably called Hel Peninsula; in short, that the coup was clearly designed to rescue the Party from the society. Yet this does not diminish the far-reaching ideological implications of the Bonapartist proposition for a system which has been ruled by the Party and its ideology.

WITH THE replacement of the Party-State by the Army-State, the long-announced End of (Communist) Ideology has now clinically taken place. Everybody, East and West, can see that "the Party has no clothes." The decayed totalitarian Party and its messianic ideology are being replaced with a new type of rigid authoritarianism, which is more effective in enduring state control over civil society. Thus it would be a mistake to see the Army's ascendancy as any kind of humanizing improvement in the character of Communist rule or Communist foreign policy. In the 1960s the Soviet regime tried to base its legitimacy on a combination of Marxism and improved economic performance and living standards. Khrushchev's 1961 Soviet Party program, never officially repudiated, promised to put Communism into effect and economically overtake the capitalist West by 1980. In the 1970s, his successors shifted their emphasis and the Soviet Union emerged as a global power in which the Army, and, more generally, the "military-industrial complex," were to play an essential part. Now the Polish coup carries this shift one step further from economic or ideological legitimacy. This, in the long run, could have destabilizing effects inside the Soviet Union itself. The problem with the Kremlin's reliance upon this new kind of legitimacy is that it can really appeal only to the Russians, who are soon to become a minority in the USSR. This will dissolve the residual ideological cement which has allowed Communist rule in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union to appear to be multinational. The rise of the military, though potentially successful in the short run, in the long run could entail the breakup of the Soviet empire.

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The peculiar folkways of executive pay and perquisites.

Richer Than All Their Tribe

By Mark Green

At his confirmation hearings, Alexander Haig disclosed that his salary as Secretary of State, $64,630, would be less than one-tenth of his salary as president of United Technologies, $738,000.

Last April, Braniff International increased the salaries of 864 management-level employees by 11.4 percent, just when the firm was imploring 11,500 employees covered by union contracts to accept a 10 percent salary cut to keep the airline flying.

Two months before Conoco was acquired by DuPont, its board of directors awarded nine top executives lucrative contracts in case they quit or were fired after a takeover. Chairman Ralph Bailey was assured at least $637,716 a year until 1989, even if he should leave his job tomorrow.

As chairman of ITT, Harold Geneen earned $934,564 in salary and bonus in 1976. When questioned about this Croesean figure, an unrepentant Geneen said, "I still feel underpaid. Maybe I'm worth $5 million a year!" *Fortune* magazine added, "Perhaps he is right."

The chairman of Nissan Motors makes $140,000 annually, and the top ten officers at Renault earn, on the average, $100,000 a year, with no one's salary exceeding $150,000. The chairmen of GM and Ford earn $942,000 and $892,000 respectively.

SUPPLY-SIDE THEOLOGIANS tell us that we should increase the after-tax income of the rich to inspire them to greater levels of work and investment. This is the goal of President Reagan's tax cuts, and there is even talk in business circles about getting rid of capital gains taxes entirely. But just how much are these beneficiaries of Reagan's largesse already earning, and what evidence is there that they will use their additional income to help stimulate a sluggish economy? Business executives, for example, seemed to be doing very well indeed even in the "confiscatory" pre-Reagan era. The rewards listed above are not aberrations. They are as commonplace as coffee-fetching secretaries in the upper reaches of American business.

Back in 1902 Bethlehem Steel instituted the first bonus plan for its managers. By the late 1920s, 64 percent of all manufacturing companies had them, and Alfred Sloan, the Citizen Kane of General Motors, attributed his company's phenomenal success to the practice. A few years later, a headline in the *Literary Digest* over an article describing the one-year take of Eugene Grace, the president of Bethlehem Steel, told the whole story: "SALARY $12,000, BONUS $1,623,753."

The economic upheaval of the 1930s predictably subjected regal managerial rewards to attack and investigation. A 1934 article in the *Nation*, "Pay or Plunder?," asked "just what Mr. Grace does for his million and more a year that could not be equally done by any one of a number of persons for a fourth or a tenth of that sum." That same year the Federal Trade Commission released a controversial study on business income, and the Securities and Exchange Commission began requiring high corporate officials to disclose their pay.

In the following decades, the form of executive compensation varied with external events. As stocks plummeted in the Depression, there was a shift away from stock options and toward higher fixed salaries. Extraordinary tax rates on earned income in the 1940s and 1950s, which reached 91 percent, encouraged deferred and "unearned" compensation (stocks and bonds). A dipping stock market and a cut in the maximum personal income tax in 1969 led companies to emphasize salary and perquisites. Yet throughout these decades, large corporations have been able to absorb all changes and intrusions without seriously altering the practice of offering very high rewards to high managers.

These rewards come in two ways—indirectly as perks, and directly as pay. Perquisites can be defined technically as noncash fringe benefits, or, more popularly, as the good life that accompanies high executive living—the company cars, clubs, planes, boats, apartments, insurance, and credit cards. These indirect rewards—known in the trade as "golden handcuffs"—are seen as benefiting the company as well as the individual manager. "Dollars are too expensive," explains a vice president at General Tire. "You have to make it up to the man with the incentive gimmicks, bonuses, stock options, or fringe goodies."

Executives have come to take the everyday amenities for granted. Robert R. Dockson, the president of

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Mark Green is the president of a new progressive research institute, the Democracy Project, and the author of the forthcoming book, *Winning Back America: Alternatives to Reaganism* (Bantam).

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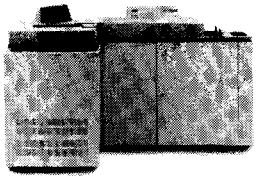

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the California Savings and Loan Association in Los Angeles, can see no reason why his country club dues should not be paid by his firm, since "I'm always working when I play golf." Chessie Railroad requires its top executives to spend three days a year at the Greenbrier Hotel in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, at company expense. They spend mornings taking medical tests at Greenbrier's clinic and afternoons golfing, running, and swimming. A company manager explains: "It's a benefit to Chessie to make its executives aware of their health problems."

COMPANIES ROUTINELY provide their top executives with cars (two years ago Hartz Mountain Corporation leased cars to 21 managers at a cost of $51,000); country club dues (for which Eastern Airlines paid $38,000 in 1977); special deals on their own products (Goodyear Tire gives 40 of its top people free tires), free lawyers, free financial and legal advice, and better medical benefits than other employees get. Marc & Company, a Pittsburgh advertising firm, has a pleasant villa on the east coast of Spain for its top executives, and Pepsico and Owen-Illinois have jointly leased a salmon stream in Iceland. Perks, large and small, add up. A Philadelphia management consulting firm, Hay and Associates, found in a survey of 468 companies that the average $100,000-a-year executive gets $30,000 in fringe benefits.

Beyond the champagne of perks are the staples of direct pay:

Bonuses can be such a substantial addition to base salary that men like Richard Bressler—not Tony Dorsett or Larry Bird—should be considered the real "bonus babies." When Burlington Northern lured Richard M. Bressler away from Atlantic Richfield in 1980 to be its chief executive officer, they sold him 25,000 shares of Burlington stock for 10 cents a share. Its real value was $40.69 a share. The difference is $1 million. This is what businesspeople call a "front-end bonus." B. F. Skinner would appreciate the theory: by giving an executive a stake in the performance of the company, you motivate him to do well. The theory is frequently borne out in practice. A director at Arthur Young & Company tells of one CEO who urged his board to declare a large company-wide bonus one year because of good profits. It did, and the CEO then promptly arranged to take it all himself, arguing that it was he who had hired such good vice presidents.

Stock options are a favorite gimmick of capitalists who preach Adam Smith but practice profit without risk. Since a stock option allows an executive to gain the entire appreciation of a stock above the low market price, and since it is taxed at lower rates than income, there are often huge windfalls for its beneficiaries. In 1975 the chairman of General Dynamics bought $4.2 million worth of stock for $2.1 million, for a profit five times his salary and bonus.

Stock appreciation rights and *performance shares*—executive-suite versions of a guaranteed income—are the latest vogue in managerial compensation. SARs and performance shares allot a number of shares to managers without requiring them to purchase stock. Many large firms make use of this approach, since managers don't need to take out personal loans to purchase the stock, and the firm can control the profits on the books (as they can't with the stock market), making it hard for shareholders to decipher just how much of the company stock is in the hands of managers. As stock specialist Graef Crystal said of this approach, "DuPont has found a simply fantastic way to bury executive compensation."

Finally, there is the old favorite of *deferred compensation*. According to the *Harvard Business Review*, "Deferred pay arrangements ordinarily provide the greatest compensation benefit per dollar of employer cost . . . by giving the employee the advantage of the lower tax rates that normally occur after retirement." A Conference Board poll of 1,100 large companies in 1976 found the median annual pension of the three top executives would be $38,400, or three times as much in retirement as the median blue-collar worker makes. One-fifth of all the companies had an executive on a pension of at least $80,000 a year.

THE CUMULATIVE result of all these benefits is, predictably, staggering. In 1977 five business executives earned over $1 million a year. Last year the salaries of at least 35 executives exceeded $1 million, and 12 CEOs earned over $2 million. Eleven of the leading 25 were from energy firms; number one was Robert Charpie, the president of Cabot Corporation, at $3.3 million. According to SEC proxy filings, at least 101 executives in 1978 earned over half a million a year, not including stock options or perks. A study by Arthur Young & Company of 400 large manufacturing firms found that the average chief executive officer was taking home $325,700 in salary and bonus. The tobacco industry paid its top executives the most handsomely, an average $448,500 annually. A survey by the Financial Executives Institute of companies with over $5 billion in sales found their chief executives earned an average salary and bonus of $528,000 annually. In 1975 the Corporate Accountability Research Group found that the average salary, bonus, dividend income, and pension income "earned" that year by the top officer at the 50 largest industrial corporations (not counting seven companies whose CEOs had inherited a "founder's share") was over $700,000 per year. Today that number would easily exceed $1 million.

Comparisons here are useful. The average worker in the U.S. earns $12,621 annually; the average UAW assembly-line worker, $24,273; a top civil servant in the federal government, a GS 18, $57,500; a U.S. member of Congress, about $60,000; the average doctor, $76,720; a Supreme Court Justice, $93,000; the CEO of most industrial firms abroad, between $100,000 and

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$200,000. A statement of economist Paul Samuelson illustrates the disparity between the compensation of businesspeople and the majority of Americans: "If we made an income pyramid out of a child's blocks, with each layer portraying $1,000 of income, the peak would be far higher than the Eiffel Tower, but almost all of us would be within a yard of the ground."

BUSINESSMEN, of course, are quick to justify their high remuneration. Back in 1936 the president of U.S. Steel explained that "the matter of compensation is minor, for the whole capital of the company is in their hands, and their responsibilities are commensurate with the size of their enterprise." A spokesman at GM says that such compensation is essential to encourage upward mobility in a huge company. Malcolm Salter, a professor at Harvard Business School, gave a more homespun rationale in the July 9 *U.S. News and World Report*: "A lot of money goes to taxes, other money to charity. The chief executive officer lives in a big house—he's got to. He sees his children almost never. He is always traveling. He would like to eat breakfast at home but he can't." Beyond the explanation that excessive pay compensates chief executive officers for the sacrifices they make for their jobs, it is said that no one is really hurt when the high compensation is spread among all the thousands of a firm's shareholders. Indeed, William F. Buckley Jr. said at a recent conference of business executives in New York City that the cost of such compensation is trivial. He cited Lee Iacocca's $400,000 income at the Ford Motor Company in the early 1970s as "only 16 cents per car sold." (Once you get the hang of this "free lunch" analysis, anything seems to cost nothing: the top executive at Exxon earns "only" .00003¢ per gallon sold; tobacco subsidies cost about a buck per citizen per year or, better yet, 1/3¢ per day.)

Finally, there is the businessman's coup de grace, the star analogy: if Dave Winfield and Dan Rather each earns over a million dollars annually, why not big businessmen, who have similarly limited years at top salaries? These rationales are fetching but flawed. There is obviously a function for pay differentials in hierarchies, private and public. Even John Rawls in his 1971 *Theory of Justice* justified inequality when the results benefit all, as an efficient and profitable corporation presumably does. But does this mean a differential of 300 to 1? Is it reasonable for an executive to earn as much in one day as some of his workers do all year? As Salter concedes, rewarding top executives does have its price. "Extensive use of options can seriously dilute a stockholder's equity in a company and eventually increase its cost of capital." If an executive acquires 1,000 shares at an option price of $20 a share when the actual price is $30, the $10,000 paper profit is paid for through an increase in the number of shares issued, which in turn dilutes shareholders' equity and puts pressure on earnings per share. Worse, unlike the payment of a bonus, these costs cannot be deducted from taxable income, so there is a dollar-for-dollar loss. And this is no hypothetical problem for companies like General Dynamics, which recently had as much as 15 percent of its equity under option.

Are such rewards essential to retain and motivate managers? Would the heads of major businesses be slothful at a $500,000 income and work hell-bent only at $800,000? John Maynard Keynes, no egalitarian, said in his 1936 book, *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*, "Executives are certainly so fond of their craft that their labor can be obtained much cheaper than at present." Though a chief executive officer may feel entitled to a share in his company's profits, as Irving Kristol said in the *Wall Street Journal* a few years ago, "he is an employee of the firm, not a partner of it, and his compensation is to be judged by managerial rather than entrepreneurial standards." So, when a Land of Polaroid, a Carlson of Xerox, or a Disney of Disney takes out a healthy chunk of the firm's profits as compensation, that may be a fair reward for entrepreneurial invention and risk. But today's managers are more technicians than pioneers.

Should big-business executives be financially rewarded like big athletes and media stars? Unlike the latter, whose salaries are set by management after arms-length negotiations, the CEO "himself is the one who decides what compensation he shall receive," says Clarence Randall, the former head of Inland Steel. "This is a very tough spot for a man to be in." Even Kristol has observed that "too many corporations have compensation committees that are under the thumb of management." Given how corporations govern themselves—even beyond the stacked compensation committees, shareholder resolutions can never overcome management's control of the proxy machinery—there is no free market of supply and demand setting the compensation level of top corporate officials.

SO HOW DOES one judge a manager's performance in order to justify a very high reward? An athlete's or star's performance is glaringly visible to the millions of fans watching his performance or the thousands of families that comprise the Nielsen ratings. Yet in business it is not infrequent for a manager's compensation to go up even when profits don't. At Bethlehem Steel, which had a mammoth $448-million net loss in 1977 and had to lay off 7,300 workers, chairman Lewis Foy arranged for his earnings to rise 17 percent. Two years ago the president of Dow Chemical got a 51 percent raise while his company's profits fell 9 percent; the chairman and president of Union Carbide enjoyed increases of 27 percent and 39 percent, though the company's earnings dropped 13 percent. In 1980, counting only companies whose profits declined, *Business Week* found that although profits plunged an average of 24 percent, total compensation for their executives *rose* 6.5 percent.

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Indeed, William Albrecht and Philip Jhin of Brigham Young University concluded in 1978, after surveying 146 high-salaried officials, that a top executive's salary has very little to do with his level of performance and responsibility." Albrecht and Jhin observed that once executives rise to the top, "they continue to use their toughness, imagination, and political know-how to find ways to justify their huge salaries." And when they systematically matched chief executive officers' salaries with their companies' performance, they found "absolutely no relationship (either positive or negative) between stockholder return and executive pay." Such conflicts of interest and rewards unrelated to performance led Kristol to remark that "the issue of compensation, as regards both amount and form, is a far more sensitive issue than most executives realize."

Although stockholders are starting to look askance at executive pay, and some executives are beginning to feel defensive about their high incomes and comfortable lifestyles, for the moment they should not be unduly worried. The Securities and Exchange Commission does require some reporting of perks (for example, the cost to the firm of maintaining leisure facilities for executive use); but even Republican Senator John Chaffee of Rhode Island thinks existing rules "fall short [because they] require little more than reporting the aggregate remuneration received by certain company officers and directors, both individually and as a group." (Chaffee went on to say, "It's little wonder that the public feels that management has feathered a nice nest for itself at the stockholder's, and the taxpayer's, expense.") And a 1976 Harris survey asked people to say whether they wanted the "federal government to try to make a fairer distribution of the wealth of the country"; 47 percent said no and 38 percent yes. A nation that spends its evenings watching "Dallas" and "Flamingo Road" may or may not feel compassion for the poor, but it is not likely to feel resentment even of the undeserving rich.

NOR HAS THE history of efforts to tax excessive corporate pay and perks been an unalloyed success. President Kennedy's proposal that business meals, first-class airfare, and some other "personal" benefits be considered nondeductible luxuries never went anywhere. At the end of the Ford Administration, Treasury Secretary William Simon ordered the IRS to abandon 11 draft rulings that would have explicitly taxed perks after airline groups, and others protested. When President Carter asked Congress to cut back the deductible three-martini lunch, Congress instead cut capital gains taxes. As part of an anti-inflation campaign, Carter's Treasury Secretary, Michael Blumenthal, wrote 200 large companies to ask that they voluntarily hold executive pay hikes to under five percent. A few (Uniroyal, GM, Allied Chemical, Merck, AT&T) agreed, but most never even responded.

Ironically, it may be an Administration explicitly supportive of big business that will provoke the kind of genuine change of high executive pay that earlier generations of Democratic reformers never accomplished. What will happen when it becomes clear that allowing executives to depreciate their Jaguars more rapidly doesn't unleash new investments, and when public services shrivel because, in part, the very rich are paying taxes at a rate not far different from the $30,000-a-year middle-American? There may well be a citizen backlash, with people demanding that something be done about excessive executive compensation.

IT IS VERY unlikely that Congress would get into the business of setting executive compensation at more reasonable levels—although it was Peter Drucker, in the *Wall Street Journal*, who suggested that a top corporate official make no more than a fixed multiple of the lowest-paid employee, up to 25 to 1. Still, there are at least three public policy alternatives to continued toleration of executive self-enrichment. First, Congress could increase the tax on such extraordinary levels of compensation, rather than decrease it as the Reagan tax cut did. According to the Treasury Department, the *effective* tax rate on income over $200,000 annually is between a high 20 percent and mid-30 percent. This is what the average taxpayer pays. Instead of a flat tax rate on average- and upper-income taxpayers, there should be a progressive rate, which was the theory, though not the practice, before the Reagan Administration.

Second, Congress could impose stricter standards on the deductibility of business entertainment expenses. In Margaret Thatcher's Britain, the government has disallowed deductions for all business lunches, except with foreign clients. And in François Mitterrand's France, the government imposed a 10 percent tax on the value of meals, receptions, gifts, limousines, and apartments that a company provides its ten highest-paid executives. If it is possible for Thatcher and Mitterrand to adopt comparable approaches to a common problem, then reform should be possible in post-Reagan America as well. Senator Gary Hart, Democrat of Colorado, has already introduced a measure to reduce the deductibility of business meals and entertainment by 30 percent, which would produce exactly the amount of revenue necessary to rescind recent cuts in the school lunch program.

Third, state incorporation laws should require that only a compensation committee comprised entirely of "independent directors" (those not handpicked by management) could approve the pay and perks of managment.

Until such changes occur, the ethic of Andrew Undershaft, the businessman in George Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara*, will prevail throughout the executive suites of America. When Major Barbara asked him his religion, he replied, "Why, I'm a millionaire."

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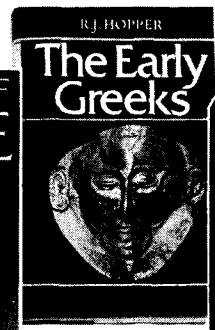

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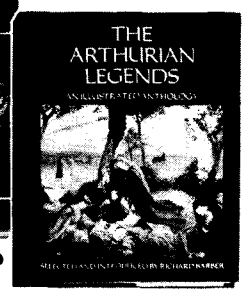

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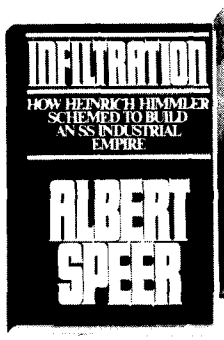

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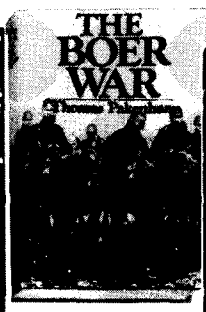

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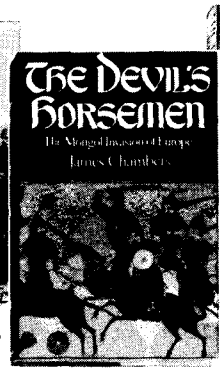

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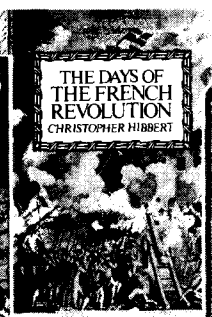

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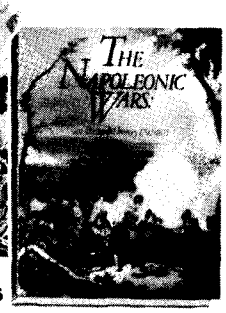

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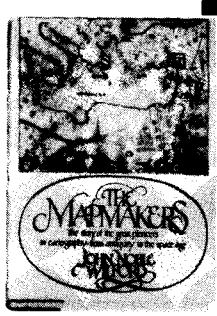

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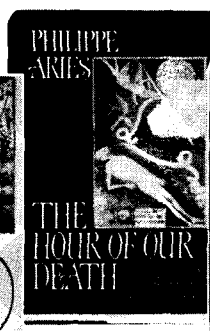

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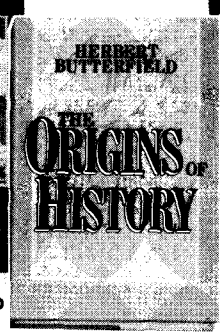

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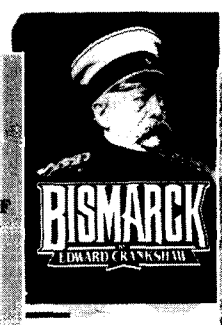

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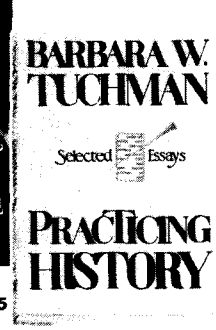

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Three Kinds of Change

Sad business, seeing still another poor film by someone whose work you once liked. Reasons vary, but the sadness is constant in the three instances this week.

With Billy Wilder, I think it's simply age. Austrian-born, like so many "German" film figures, Wilder brought to American pictures a sly, wry, palatable cynicism. Most of the time, he has been not quite a Lubitsch in naughty charm nor a Stroheim in smooth blackness; he blended the European shrug with the knowing American wink. It sometimes worked very well, and never better than when he took an obscure German comic film, extracted its central gimmick, and, with an American collaborator on the script, transformed it into the best farce, screen or stage, done in this country since the war—*Some Like It Hot*.

Buddy Buddy
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Four Friends
(Filmways)

Pennies from Heaven
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

So I had some hope when I heard that he and the same collaborator, I. A. L. Diamond, had tried the same thing with an obscure French comedy (written by Francis Veber, author of the second *Cage aux Folles* script); had reworked it for Jack Lemmon, who was in *Some Like It Hot* and other Wilder films, and for Walter Matthau, who was in two Wilder films with Lemmon. But 22 years have passed since Wilder-Diamond were at their peak. There is nothing wrong with the new picture, *Buddy Buddy*, that wouldn't have been put right by Wilder-Diamond 22 years ago.

The basic farcical gimmick is usable. Matthau is a calm, experienced, California hit man, going about his business of fulfilling a contract to rub out three stool pigeons. We see him knock off two stoolies with clever devices (Wilder knows the power of "impersonal" death in farce) and is about to finish Number Three when fate saddles him with a nuisance. Jack Lemmon, a neurotic, frustrated in his attempts to win back his estranged wife, attempts suicide in the hotel room right next to Matthau's; the attempt fails, Lemmon mistakes Matthau for a Samaritan, and refuses to let go of him.

Not bad, for starters. But 22 years ago Lemmon had not become hammy, doing purely externalized imitations of the fine-tuned comic agonies he used to express with physical precision; and if Lemmon had tried that surface stuff back then, Wilder would have set him right. Diamond was writing funnier dialogue 22 years ago, not a script that sounds stuffed with dummy lines mocked-up for camera rehearsals until the real dialogue arrives. Wilder's editing would have been more impatient, and his casting sense would have been keener. He would never have used Paula Prentiss, or her then equivalent, in a role that calls for both comedy and sex. And though he might have used a sex clinic as one of his settings—they were more novel then—he wouldn't have made a serious actor like Klaus Kinski the head of the clinic on the assumption that the mere sight of Kinski in a comic role would be hilarious. It isn't; and Kinski as farceur is more grotesque than as Nosferatu. And, for a final scene, Wilder and Diamond would not have used—yet once more—a remote tropical island to which a successful criminal thinks he has escaped.

The only element that might have been the same 22 years ago is Matthau, and he looks 22 years too old for the part now. He gets the only laughs in the piece, but he does seem to have been a hit man quite a long time: *Can* one have a 40-year career in that profession?

More important question: should Wilder and Diamond consider resting on their laurels while they still have some left?

With Arthur Penn, it's suffocation. Talent suffocated by pretentiousness. His high point, *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967), was ludicrously overrated but at least had some consonance between intent and accomplishment. Before that, he had wallowed artily through such stuff as *Mickey One* and *The Chase*; after that, he made the generally good *Little Big Man* and a lovely episode in a collaborative documentary about Olympic athletes called *Visions of Eight*, but they were outweighed by the "with-it" *Alice's Restaurant* and the bosh of *Night Moves* and *The Missouri Breaks*. In general, Penn's air of the great mind putting the great questions of the world before us with great art was so unjustified as to make his films nearly intolerable.

His latest, *Four Friends*, hits a new low. It has shots in it that are like first-year film-school lyricism. (Three young friends dancing through an empty street playing wind instruments as they go.) It dwells on all the major events of the American 1960s—which it purports to

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Chariots of Fire. A moving social drama elaborated from the true story of two British Olympic runners, 1924.

My Dinner With André. Surprisingly engrossing. A script developed from conversations between Wallace Shawn and André Gregory into *seeming* restaurant table-talk—of consistent interest.

Reds. John Reed and Louise Bryant, splendidly performed by Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton. Far from flawless, but stirring; more biographical than political, but on fire with its subjects' commitment.

Time Bandits. Delights children and some adults. A boy's adventures through time with six dwarfs. Monty Python dialogue sparkles.

. . . *All the Marbles*. A comedy about lady wrestlers and their manager that, despite all the violence in the ring, is goodhearted and funny. No, I didn't believe it either—until I saw it.

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be crystallizing—with a blend of relentlessness and flab that marks the director who wants both a reputation for ruthless critique *and* a distributor for his film. It touches all the big moments of the decade, as if ticking off a checklist, with no hint of enlightenment or added insight, but with its breast ready for any medals we care to hang on it for bravery.

Penn has found his perfect writer in Steve Tesich. One Tesich script, *Breaking Away*, was amusing because it was about adolescents, thus fitting the depth and scope of the author. Everything else I've seen of his, on screen or stage, was written by the same adolescent but ranged further in subject. The four friends of the title are a girl and three young men in a small town who love her. She is a free spirit who loves all of them one way or another, and sleeps with all of them, in time and for different lengths of time; and through this not-quite-fresh device we move through the decade and around the country.

The principal young man is Yugoslav-born who came here as a child; and he speaks the word "America" occasionally through the film, as does his hardbitten father, with pregnant inflections of differing kinds. The dialogue ranges from the uneasily limber to the unconsciously risible. A rich man has killed his daughter and (he thinks) her husband on the wedding day and then commits suicide; the widow is visited by the young man when he leaves the hospital, and she says, "Things have been confused around here lately."

And there are a few little gaps in the plot. Out of what intellectual provenance does the youth protest the steel-company recruiter in his high school? How does the youth get to college when his father refuses to let him go? How, after the shooting, does he get a job as a taxi driver in New York with one wounded eye? These are just samples.

THE PICTURE is unwisely cast and acted—by unknowns who have a good chance to remain so. I was prepared for difficulty in the acting department, once Penn's strength, after seeing his production of *The Wild Duck* with the BAM company last year where he managed to handicap even the good people in the cast. In *Four Friends* there are few good people. The male lead is played by a sort of dough-faced Timothy Bottoms, only this time his name is Craig Wasson, who blubbers when he laughs as well as when he cries. The one girl of the quartet, who thinks she's a liberated soul, is played, resistibly, by Jodi Thelen. The only actors of consequence are Lois Smith, as the rich woman whose daughter Wasson marries, and James Leo Herlihy (the gifted author of *All Fall Down*) as Smith's nutty, possibly incestuous husband.

For those to whom *Gallipoli* revealed the horrors of war, *Four Friends* will provide insight about the 1960s. Penn and Tesich manage to be simultaneously heavy and shallow.

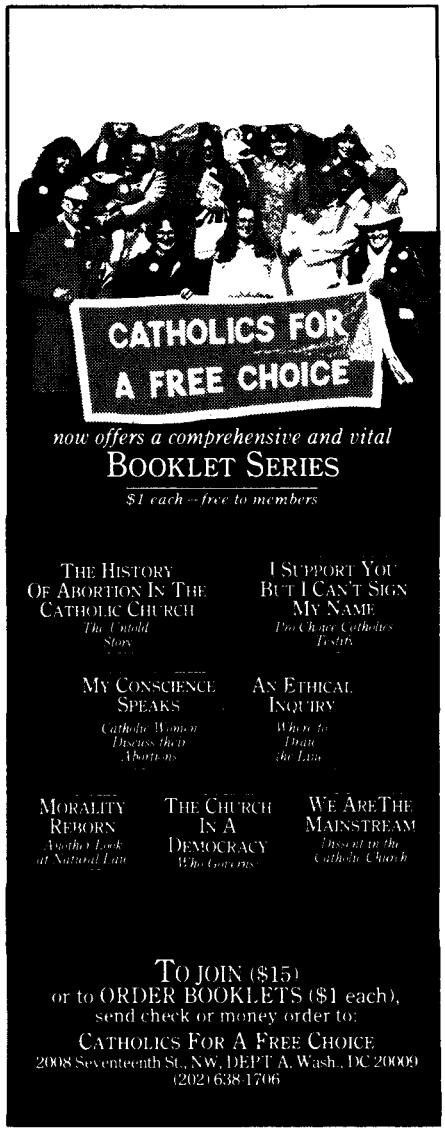
WITH HERBERT ROSS, it's just one more case of bad judgment in a hot-and-cold career. He sometimes can work well, as in *The Sunshine Boys* and *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*; but he mixes them up with things like *The Turning Point* and *California Suite*. This time he's more mixed than ever, with *Pennies from Heaven*.

Not a remake of Bing Crosby's 1936 film, the script was adapted by Dennis Potter from his BBC series and has an interesting idea: a picture that clashes all along—a kind of lateral clash—between reality and fantasy, the clash abetted by the profession of the hero, a 1934 Chicago salesman of sheet music.

The salesman keeps comparing his life with the world of fantasy in the songs he sells and keeps trying to make the first approach the second. He wonders why life can't be like the songs he sells. Hence he gets in trouble. Dissatisfied with his frigid wife, he seduces a virgin, makes her pregnant, wheedles his wife's inheritance away from her to start a record shop that flops, meets again the ex-virgin who is now a whore, gets accused of a murder he didn't commit, and ends on the gallows. The story, and some of the style, kept reminding me of German plays of the 1920s—Georg Kaiser and Ernst Toller, for instance—about pathetic lives inescapably meeting pathetic ends. The sets by Fred Tuch and Bernie Cutler emphasize the fungoid atmosphere, and the lighting by Gordon Willis—allowing for two obvious and egregious imitations of Edward Hopper—is so low-key as almost to be palpably clammy.

Except—for the musical numbers. These are the leaps into the world of popular song that the picture often takes, arbitrarily and amusingly. For instance, when a bank manager turns down the hero's plea for a loan, he and the hero suddenly burst into song and dance, backed up by other customers. The difference between the arbitrary songs here and in, say, Medak's *The Ruling Class* is that here all the musical numbers are done to 1930s recordings with the actors lip-syncing to other voices. Ross also leans on Keaton's *Sherlock Jr.* when he has the hero and his girl slip right into an Astaire-Rogers film that they are watching.

But the story is draggy and patchy. (A vagrant and a blind girl are treated extensively just to provide the murder that the hero does not commit.) And the two leads are Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters. De gustibus much disputandum. To me, they are both not-quite-successful humanoids. The only real actor in the film is Christopher Walken, who does a "cameo"—not so much of acting as of dancing. He started his career as a hoofer (his term), and he does his turn to a turn.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A portrait of America's first family of letters.

The Jameses' Irish Roots

By R. W. B. Lewis

THE YOUNG Irishman who would be known, in this country, as William James of Albany came to America in 1789 at the age of 18. He brought with him, according to family legend, "a very small sum of money, a Latin grammar in which he had already made some progress at home, and a desire to visit the field of one of the revolutionary battles." It is a legend that invites us to trust it: together, the three items mentioned symbolize the immigrant's background, his present state of mind, and his future. But young James also brought with him a cluster of native qualities that would be his Irish legacy to the family he went on to found—the first American family of letters; the clan that would include Henry James Senior and his children William, Henry, and Alice.

This William James was born on the farm run by his father—yet another William James (1736-1822), whom we may refer to as the First William—in Curkish, a townland belonging to Bailieborough, which was itself a spreading rural area in County Cavan, 50-odd miles northwest of Dublin. Bailieborough had been "planted" in the early 17th century by William Bailie, a Scotsman, as part of the larger plantation of northern Ireland; the British crown imported and settled increasing numbers of individuals and families, mostly English and mostly staunch Anglicans, as landowners and rulers over the preponderantly Catholic population. (American readers may think of the "Plymouth Plantation" of roughly comparable purpose, in 1620s New England.) Bailie was granted about 8,000 acres, some of it swampy—Curkish means "marsh" or "swamp"—but containing an abundance of arable land, sloping fields, gently rising hills, and picturesque green ridges. He built himself a castle on a high point in the region, and divided his holdings into "townlands," groups of as many as ten farms, all paying heavy rents to the lord of the castle.

William's farm, a gracefully slanted terrain of 25 acres, lying just to the north and a little to the east of the present town of Bailieborough, produced oats and potatoes, and at this stage (the practice was later abandoned as too expensive) flax for the making of linen. It was not a particularly grim life; the countryside was colorful and varied, the land sufficiently fertile, the climate bearable and at times invigorating. The current resident of Bailieborough Castle was William Stewart, high sheriff for County Cavan and a member of the relatively independent and short-lived Irish Parliament in Dublin.

A desire to visit a revolutionary battlefield . . . The rebellion of the American colonies against the mother country sent a confused tremble of excitement through the tenant farmers of northern Ireland. All across the country, indeed, daring and astute Irishmen in these years were seeking to establish their own form of political independence from England. The decisive British defeat at Saratoga in October 1777 seemed to hasten matters, for fearing loss of control in the new world, the British felt it strategically wise to ease things in Ireland. (Other factors, such as recruiting Irish troops for the American war, were also at work.) Repressive laws were rescinded and rules modified; even the despised Catholics were given a few economic privileges. For the farmers, though, it was a chancy situation at best. In the First William's household, Robert, the oldest son, remained dutifully at home as the custom was, and oversaw the tillaging of the Curkish farm alongside his father. But the second son, William, foreseeing no satisfactory future in Bailieborough and inspired by the triumphant outcome of the American Revolution, packed his Latin grammar, pocketed his few coins, and departed for the newly created United States of America.

It is a fair guess that the battlefield young William was especially keen to visit was Saratoga, New York, where General Burgoyne had been outmaneuvered and outshelled by the colonists in one of the pivotal battles of history (and where also by a dim convergence of lines, the officer commanding the American artillery battalion was Major Ebenezer Stevens, the great-grandfather, as it turned out, of the woman, Edith Wharton, who would become such a close friend of the First William's great-grandson, Henry James). It may even be hazarded that it was William's pilgrimage to Saratoga, if he ever made it, that led to his settling, a few years later, in the nearby town of Albany. What is on record is William of Albany's enthusiasm for the emancipated life in the new world. In an oration he delivered in 1825 to celebrate the opening of the Erie Canal, an event in which he had collaborated, he spoke with fervor about the achievements and the immense economic promise of America's free society.

A Latin grammar in which he had already made some progress at home . . . The Bailieborough Jameses were Presbyterians, and as such they, like their fellow believers, were held severely in check. A breakdown of the Irish population at the end of the 18th century shows the Presbyterians numbering around 900,000, double the number of the ruling class of Anglo-Irish, but much less than a third of the number of Irish Catholics, who constituted the peasantry and whose figures ran well over three million.

The Presbyterians, who supplied the small farmers and tradesmen, suffered several of the restraints of their Catholic underlings. In the tangled history of Ireland before the Union of 1800, laws

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R. W. B. Lewis is Neil Gray Professor of Rhetoric at Yale and the author of a Pulitzer Prize-winning biography of Edith Wharton, among other books. He is now writing a narrative biography of the James family in collaboration with David Milch. With this issue we welcome him as a contributing editor of TNR.

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came and went, and enforcement hardened and softened. Even so, for a long time Presbyterians were not allowed any kind of landownership. Nor were they allowed to have churches, but only "meeting-houses," and these only at a safe distance from a built-up area. Contamination by "dissenters"—a term that included a sprinkling of Methodists, and that basically meant persons who would not make the politically acceptable vows of churchly allegiance—was to be strenuously resisted.

By a related policy, Catholics were positively forbidden any kind of education, and education for Presbyterians was anything but encouraged; the vast majority of those outside the Anglo-Irish community were illiterate. Certain Calvinist ministers, however, bravely took it upon themselves to instruct the young of their flock, some of them slyly admitting Catholic children to their informally organized but strictly run classes.

The First William, who appears to have been a man of some real energy of vision, made the most of these slim educational possibilities. (Nothing useful can be said about the influence upon the younger William of his mother, the former Susan McCartney, because almost nothing is known about her except her name and her dates, 1746-1824; and the same holds for the other wives of the Bailieborough Jameses.) He so much honored the ministerial role in the townland life that he may even have urged his second son to enter the church; a marginal and less convincing bit of the later legend is that the boy fled Ireland to escape this fate.

THE TRAINING he received involved careful practice in handwriting; William of Albany always rather prided himself, not without reason, on his elegant script. The boy was taught to read, and to be at least mildly interested in reading; standard works of English literature, well thumbed, would later crowd the shelves of the Albany home. He was firmly rehearsed by his ministerial teacher in the Westminster Catechism, and would so rehearse his own children in nightly sessions. And he made a start on classical study, beginning with the elements of Latin grammar; something he found rewarding enough to take the Latin volume with him, if only as a memento, on the voyage to America.

Too much can be made of all this; but the minimal point is that the subsequent verbal wizardry and cultivated play of mind of the American Jameses were not gifts from the blue. They had an educational push behind them, an indistinct family tradition of intellectual betterment; and we have Henry Junior's word for it (the word will be quoted later) that he heard rather too much in his childhood about an inherited "Celtic genius." William of Albany did not himself exercise a notable prose style. One of his few extant letters, indeed, shows him reduced to incoherent fury over his son's financial misconduct at college; but it also suggests a strangled eloquence, of a kind that would flare to genuine rhetorical greatness in the extravagant invective of that same son, Henry James the Elder. It was he in turn who bequeathed to his children a passion for expressiveness—to the philosopher William and the novelist Henry, who in their diametrically opposite ways were among the great stylists of our literature; to Alice James who in her letters and her diary became so adept at the cut and thrust of language; and even to Robertson James, the younger brother, who was capable at times of a melancholy lyricism.

The supreme talent of the American Jameses for conversation would also seem to derive from their Irish background. The Irish, then as now, reveled in lively talk, heated argument, and (not entirely unlike our American Southerners) exchanges of increasingly implausible and not always sequential anecdotes. Talk at the James dinner table while the family was still intact (into the 1860s) was a thing visitors marveled at. It was less given to monologues than was allowable in the old country, and it was more orchestrated, with Henry Senior, as moderator, doing his best to keep the discussion close to some proposed themes. But it had a tremendous vitality, with heat and humor mixing equally, sudden inventions of sparkling phrases and comical insults, and one or another of the boys leaping to his feet and brandishing a table knife. "In their speech, singularly mature and picturesque, as well as vehement," Edward Emerson would recall, "the Gaelic [Irish] element in their descent always showed."

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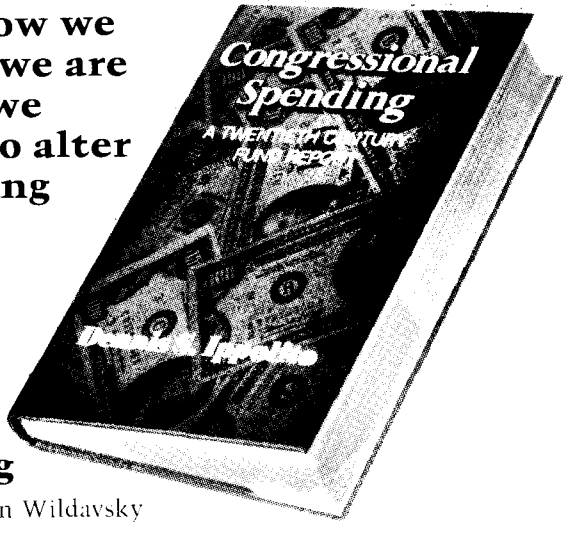

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In this regard, William James of Albany may have been a conduit rather than an immediate source. If we study his portrait, his vigorously defined and glowingly Irish features, it is hard not to imagine him talking with zest and color; but, though he may have done so in his brisk business dealings, he is described for us as generally silent and withdrawn within the family. But one can always posit a degree of atavism, as the Jameses themselves liked to do; and one of Sherlock Holmes's wiser sayings, properly adapted, is as relevant here as elsewhere in the family story: "Art in the blood is liable to take the strangest forms."

A very small sum of money . . . The First William paid his landlord's agent in cash, and there could have been little money on hand to give his 18-year-old son when he left home. By the time of his death in 1832 at the age of 61, William James of Albany had expanded those few coins into one of the two or three largest fortunes in the young country, something in excess of three million dollars. Most of it was in real estate across northern New York and in Manhattan.

The source of James's undeniable financial genius is among the least solvable mysteries in the history of the clan. There is obviously no visible Irish precedent; and William of Albany had no emulative American descendants: no member of the family over two generations, as Henry James put it, was guilty of a single stroke of business. (That is not strictly true, by the way, but it is true enough.) What William of Albany could have inherited from his stalwart parent was energy and determination; a refusal to accept the struggle to make do as a permanent condition; and above all, perhaps, a consciousness of the central, the daily, the relentless importance of *money*. And if the later Jameses were complete strangers to the actual world of business activities, they retained the grandfather's feeling for the phenomenon of money.

BUT THEY displaced that feeling, and in most instances they reversed it: displacement and reversal being modes of "continuity" in any family story as potent as simple reenactment. Henry James Senior and his children carried the *vocabulary* of the money world into other forms of discourse: into theology, philosophy, psychology, literature, and it appeared there more often than not as something malign. Henry Senior deployed the language of financial transactions—of mortgages and debts and properties—to describe what for him was the grotesquely false Presbyterian vision of the relation between man and God. His daughter Alice picked up the paternal rhetoric and applied it to a similar target when she accused Protestant Christianity of imagining "a grasping deity" from whom redemption could be purchased "at a varying scale of prices." William James took a more cheerful view of the phenomenon when, moving toward a definition of pragmatism in the 1906 lectures, he advanced the phrase and the concept of "the cash value of ideas." Again, though, in the novels and stories of his brother Henry, money is at once the hardest and darkest of facts in human experience, and an entity of nearly metaphysical force.

THE IRISH ELEMENT in the James family was thickened and William of Albany's fortunes were to some extent improved by his marriages. His first wife, Elizabeth Tillman, who died in childbirth (1797) after giving her husband twin boys, was of German extraction, her grandfather having emigrated from Mannheim. But a year or so later James took as his bride Mary Ann Connolly, an Irish Catholic girl whose family seems to have originated in County Armagh. There is some faint indication that Mary Ann may have been the real love of William of Albany's life, if anyone was; but she too died in childbirth, at the age of 20, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery in Mohawk, New York.

After letting three years go by, James, now 32, married Catharine Barber both of whose paternal grandparents, Patrick Barber and Jane Frazer, came from County Longford, which abuts County Cavan on its southern curve. Catharine Barber was of stronger stuff than her two predecessors; she bore her husband ten children, eight of whom survived, and outlived him by 26 years, to become the figure her novelist grandson would remember as dispensing hospitality with little soft sighs in the Albany home or reading a ladies' novel by candlelight.

Several of the children of William and Catharine James married into families of Irish descent, and conspicuous among these was their second son Henry. Even before his marriage, though, Henry Senior had demonstrated, had acted out, a compelling interest in the family's Irish connection—by making his way to County Cavan and Bailieborough in the summer of 1837, and coming to know his Irish kinfolk.

His motive in making the journey, he told a friend, was simply to look up "an uncles [sic] family" and see if they were in want. The uncle referred to was William of Albany's older brother Robert, the one who stayed behind and who had died in 1823. He left a widow and 11 children, many of whom had followed their Uncle William to America, their passage paid for by him in some cases; three or four were still living in the Bailieborough neighborhood. Into this company there arrived Henry Senior, accompanied, to general astonishment and delight, by a black servant from Albany named Billy Taylor: big, handsome, reliable, and (one judges) extremely entertaining, more than willing to clown it up whenever he felt it expected of him.

The Bailieborough experience, which occupied most of August 1837, became a favorite chapter in the James family folklore. Henry Senior's children in the early New York days—as the younger Henry would describe it in one of his finest feats of impressionistic recreation—constantly begged their father to tell them again

> in the winter afternoon firelight, of his most personal, most remembering and picture-recovering 'story'; that of a visit paid by him about in his nineteenth year, as I make it out, to his Irish relatives, his father's nephews, nieces and cousins, with a younger brother or two perhaps, as I set the scene forth—which it conduced to our liveliest interest to see 'Billy Taylor,' the negro servant accompanying him from Albany altogether rule from the point of view of effect. The dignity of this apparition, indeed, I must parenthesise, would have yielded in general to the source of a glamor still more marked—the very air in which the young emissary would have moved as the son of his father and the representative of an American connection prodigious surely in its power to dazzle.

It was the enormous wealth, achieved by the former Bailieborough lad, that in Henry Junior's imagination constituted the "fairytale" the friendly visitor could bring "his modest Irish kin . . . from over the sea." Thereupon citing an 1832 obituary of his grandfather which at-

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tributed to William of Albany a fortune of staggering size, Henry Junior goes on to speculate, or rather to recall himself and his siblings frequently speculating, as to what had become of "the admirable three millions," how much their father had inherited and how he had handled his legacy. The answers to these questions, Henry Junior asserted (disingenuously or fictively, as it seems) were never forthcoming. But they interested him in any case, he continued, only

> through the brightly associated presumption that the Irish visit was made, to its extreme enlivening, in the character of a gilded youth, a youth gilded an inch thick and shining to effulgence on the scene not otherwise brilliant. Which image appeals to my filial fidelity—even though I hasten not to sacrifice the circle evoked, that for which I a trifle unassuredly figure a small town in County Cavan as forming an horizon, and which consisted, we used to delight to hear with every contributive circumstance, of the local lawyer, the doctor, and the (let us hope—for we *did* hope) principal 'merchant,' whose conjoined hospitality appeared, as it was again agreeable to know, to have more than graced the occasion; the main definite pictorial touches that have lingered with us being that all the doors always stood open, with the vistas mostly raking the provision of whiskey on every table. . . .

AFTER A LITTLE more of the same, James reverted to that part of the story which always, in the retelling, most enchanted the children:

> the almost epic shape of black Billy Taylor carrying off at every juncture alike the laurel and the bay. He singularly appealed, it was clear, to the Irish imagination, performing in a manner never to disappoint it; his young master . . . had been all cordially acclaimed, but not least, it appeared, *because* so histrionically attended.

The passages, from *Notes of a Son and Brother* (1914), are worth quoting with almost all their asides and modifications, because they provide so apt an example of Henry James drawing on the Irish connection for his own imaginative ends. What we have, all typically, is James's gathering recollection, late in life, of the children listening intently, 55 and 60 years earlier, to their father reminiscing on many a New York winter afternoon about an Irish adventure that had occurred a number of years before that. James's account is of that remembered adventure, but it is equally about the act of remembering, about picture-making and storytelling. It is perfectly in order, consequently, for James to get some of the facts wrong: Henry Senior was 26, not 19, in 1837; William of Albany was no longer alive, though the memoirist (in a sentence not included above) purports to think differently; there were no younger brothers on hand—John James, the third and last son of the First William, died, perhaps at sea, in 1813. Henry Junior is dissolving factuality in the interests of literary effect: "with a younger brother or two perhaps, *as I set the scene forth*." The Irish connection had, by 1914, been absorbed into the very texture of Henry James's art of fiction; which is exactly as it should have been.

The Bailieborough explored in 1837 by Henry James Senior was, as his son rightly if "unassuredly" said, a small town. It had been created as such, out of the vaguely bounded rural territory, early in the 19th century by Colonel William Young, who had taken over the castle and the lands from the Stewart family and who busied himself laying out a broad, long main street, with a few side roads, and pressing the inhabitants into setting up rows of houses and shops, and taverns, a post office, a market hall. The First William James had died in 1822, at the venerable age of 86. His son Robert survived him by only a year. The Curkish farm was being run by Robert's son Henry, a near contemporary (1803-1873) of the visiting cousin, of identical name, from America.

The records do not confirm Henry James's implication that there was a lawyer amid the Bailieborough Jameses whose always open doors and kegs of whiskey were so pleasing an element in the father's oft-told story. But there was certainly a doctor: Robert James, M.D., the older brother of Farming Henry. Dr. James's practice was thriving to the point where he could buy himself a house on the main street in town. The third generation in County Cavan was doing fairly nicely, as Henry Senior could see for himself.

Henry Senior, storing up in memory every moment of the Bailieborough days, returned to America in late October, and went back to the Presbyterian seminary at Princeton, where he had

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been enrolled for the previous two years. He did not re-register, however, but after a pause took off for New York City in the company of Hugh Walsh, a younger seminarian. In New York, James was introduced to Hugh's family at their home on Washington Square: in particular, the widowed mother, the former Elizabeth Robertson, and Hugh's older sisters, Mary and Catherine. James was attracted to both sisters, and a sort of muddled courtship got under way. In July 1840, the elder James, having long since made his choice, was married in a civil ceremony to Mary Walsh.

In an 1890 diary passage, Alice James, an inveterate collector of family lore, recorded what she had recently learned about the Irish side of her maternal ancestry (there was a Scottish intermixture as well). It was represented by the first Hugh Walsh, who emigrated in 1764 from the village of Killingsley in County Down, east of Belfast on the Irish coast; the Walshes had apparently been planted there from England at some earlier epoch. "Great-Grandfather Hugh Walsh," Alice wrote, "left Ireland, in a broken-hearted condition, in his youth, because he was not allowed to marry a young lady with whom he was in love." She continued, in her special vein of ironic romanticism and probably mixing fact with fancy:

> He must have had some money, for he settled at Newburgh, on the Hudson and consoled himself by starting a Soap!! factory. He later took to building sloops. He married and named one of his daughters after his first flame.

IT WAS in fact Alice James, the fifth child of Henry and Mary James, who manifested the sharpest concern in her generation for Ireland and Irish matters.

Her brother William had little interest in the Irish connection. Traveling in Great Britain, he spoke more warmly of Scotland than of Ireland, though he volubly preferred both to England; and, essentially American for all his trials of Europe, when he traveled in America he had better things to say about Colorado and California than about any place abroad. Still, his highly attuned and absorptive nature responded quickly to any new experience, and when he called on Alice in England after a little tour of Ireland in 1889, he gratified her by his "most amusing" talk about the country. "He seems sound eno' on Home Rule," Alice remarked judiciously, "but how could a child of Father's be anything else!"

Henry James, as usual, was more complex in his reaction. He gave his father's Bailieborough reminiscence, as we have seen, the artfully shaped and, as it were, the rejoicing treatment it deserved; and at one moment in *The American Scene*, through a cloud of metaphor and analogy, he evoked the "Irish society of the classic time" as something gallant, full of hilarity, sporting, and doomed. But he also spoke of himself as "one satiated in his youth with the Celtic genius," and in the later 1880s he grew impatient with the preoccupation of the English conscience with the problems of the Irish, however "abominably treated" they may have been "in the past." He wrote a friend, with surprising harshness, that the Irish seemed to him "an inferior and third rate race," adding a plea that his correspondent (Grace Norton) not think of him as "anglicized."

YET IN A manner of speaking, Henry James had often tended to Anglicize: to posit as English, and therefore as honorable, what had in actuality been Irish. He applauded his grandmother Catharine Barber for representing "in our generation the only English blood . . . flowing in our veins"; there was too much Irish blood already in those veins, he insinuated, and "out of that [English] association, for reasons and reasons, I feel her image beneficently blessed." The truth was, to repeat, that both of Catharine Barber's paternal grandparents were from County Longford. In an early ghostly tale, "The Romance of Certain Old Clothes," Henry Junior worked through his father's courtship years with the Walsh family almost step-by-step: the young college friend, the widowed mother, the two equally beguiling sisters; and he was at pains to identify the figure who plays the part of young Hugh Walsh in the story as being "of genuine English blood."

But Alice James, in her last and semi-bedridden years in England, realigned herself—as a gesture of family piety—with the Celtic genius, and may in so doing have partially educated her brother Henry on the matter. "She was really an Irishwoman!" Henry exclaimed, with an air of belated understanding, upon reading his sister's diary in 1894, two years after her death. In Alice, he wrote William with searching accuracy, the Irish political longings aroused "a tremendous emotion" that was "inexplicable in any other way—but perfectly explicable by 'atavism.'" He felt it a pity Alice had not been born in Ireland: "She would have been . . . a national glory!" Alice James, for her part, inquired wryly into her atavistic spirit, taking note in her diary that her great-grandfather Walsh "must have come like Grandfather James from that debased Ulster, what a humiliation for *Me*. I suppose they didn't suspect what was to spring from them or they would have managed better."

ALICE BROUGHT a similar brand of pawky humor to many of her comments on the assorted tensions between England and Ireland in the late 1880s and early 1890s. Citing one especially foolish incident, she ventured the proposition that "the absolute want of humour in the Briton at large is the secret of the Irish question." This was one of the earliest entries in the diary she began to keep, at the age of 41, in the spring of 1889. The Irish question, in its several dimensions, continues to loom periodically throughout the three-year journal, alternating with Alice's account of her changing physical and psychological condition, personal and family reminiscences, and scorching observations on the English scene. Alice James's diary has, or perhaps better it aims consciously toward, an integrity of artistic being; and it is possible to discover, somewhere below the surface of this remarkable text, an intimate relation or analogy between her own courageous struggle to live, as a mentally alert and expressive human individual and woman, and the Irish struggle for self-rule and national identity. The thematic interweaving is in fact richer than that, for Alice saw hopeful parallels between the Irish endeavor and the American war over slavery, which was often on her mind: "Irish Home Rule like 'Emancipation,'" she said typically, "is one of the immutable moralities and will triumph thro' whatever delays."

What most intrigued and disturbed Alice in 1889-90, inevitably, was the drama of Charles Stewart Parnell, the beleaguered and magnetic champion of the Irish cause and leader of the Irish party in Parliament. One act of the drama involved Parnell's defense, with a large number of his associates, against a variety of charges of conspiracy, sedition, and criminality; the most serious of these, for Parnell, was that he had

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privately condoned the murders in Phoenix Park, Dublin, of England's chief secretary and under secretary for Ireland. At the time, 1882, Parnell had wholly dissociated himself from the event, denouncing it publicly as "cowardly and unprovoked," and more damaging to Ireland than any action in half a century. Five years later, in a series of articles called "Parnellism and Crime," the London *Times* printed a letter allegedly signed by Parnell in which he endorsed the killings, particularly that of the under secretary (who "got no more than his deserts"). After some hesitation, Parliament appointed a Special Commission of three judges to investigate the groups of charges, and within a matter of months it proved conclusively that the *Times* letter was a forgery by a shady Irish journalist named Richard Pigott, who confessed and then shot himself.

Alice James, watching closely from her Leamington rooms, exulted over the commission's finding; she had scathing things to say about Pigott, and wrote that the speech by Parnell's defense counsel, the redoubtable Lord Charles Russell, was "thrilling to read," as it most certainly was. When the commission issued its final report in February 1890, it exonerated Parnell on all charges of treason and incitement to crime, though finding him vaguely guilty of conspiring to stir up "agrarian agitation" in Ireland. At this time, Russell made another speech extolling Parnell's historic services to Ireland and hence to the Empire which Alice thought so moving and impressive that she pasted it intact into her journal.

BUT AT THAT same victorious instant, another part of the drama was beginning to unfold. In December 1889, Captain William O'Shea, Parnell's sometime emissary, filed divorce proceedings against his wife Kitty on grounds of adultery with Parnell, who was named corespondent. Alice James lapsed into sympathetic brogue on reading the news: "Capt. O'Shea has laid a *nate* trap for Parnell, with his Divorce suit, just at this moment. From what one hears I suppose there is no escape for him." She foresaw complications for "the Liberals"—the pro-Irish wing of that divided party headed by Gladstone; but in words quoted above, she voiced her faith in the ultimate triumph of Home Rule. For the opponents of Parnell and Home Rule, she had nothing but contempt: "The hyper-refined Unionists have choice allies working for them. Pigott and this vile O'Shea who uses his wife's dishonour to destroy his foe. . . ."

Gladstone eventually let it be known, in a published letter, that, great as Parnell's contributions had been, "His continuance at the present moment in the leadership would be disastrous in the highest degree to the cause of Ireland," and would "render my retention of the leadership of the Liberal party, based as it has been mainly upon the prosecution of the Irish cause, a nullity." Parnell was urged to resign his seat in Parliament and his control of the Irish constituency. He angrily refused, countering with a manifesto "To the People of Ireland" which accused Gladstone and the Liberals of systematically undermining and seeking to destroy the Irish party, and by implication of betraying the cause of Irish freedom. This, coming after the revelation of Parnell's scarcely concealed and full-scale adultery (of which the manifesto, needless to say, made no mention), was too much for Alice James.

She agreed almost entirely with Gladstone: her ironic antennae may have failed her for once in her appraisal of Gladstone's letter, so alert was she to the more classical irony of Parnell's story and situation. To these she devoted most of her journal entry for November 30, 1890, showing therein a Jamesian flair for shaping events artistically and manipulating facts to illuminate the pattern:

> Could there be a more dramatic irony? Parnell, after his years of desperate struggle, within a few months, more or less, of a superb victory, escaping from the huge paraphernalia of the Commission built up so laboriously to crush him, besmirched and of necessity to be eclipsed only for a short time by the loathsome divorce-suit, pushed on by relentless fate not only to ruin himself in the present but by a few strokes of his pen to brand himself as infamous for all history. What a heart sickening day was yesterday and how I wept over Parnell's Manifesto with its portent of the possible death and burial of Home Rule, for if tomorrow the Irish pronounce for him one's ear must turn itself, one's heart close itself against the woes of that tragic land. No cause is sacred eno' to be fought with so base a tool, the betrayer of his friend, the betrayer of his allies, the betrayer of his country!

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The Irish, it may be recalled, did not "pronounce for him." At a meeting of 71 Irish members of Parliament, 45 walked quietly out of the room as a way of signaling the end of Parnell's leadership. Parnell died the following year.

Alice James's feeling—that if Ireland stood behind Parnell, it would forfeit all claim to her compassion and her loyalty—did not arise out of sentimental moralism. What she revered in Ireland above all was its commitment to an ideal: of freedom, dignity, self-respect, and what she made out as its hitherto inextinguishable spirituality of nature. She paraphrased her brother William, recently arrived from a visit in Ireland with the impoverished "family . . . of a little maid-servant they have," on how the Irish, incredibly, could emerge from surroundings of "filth, misery and squalor" as a "jovial, witty, intelligent race, supported by, and living *entirely* on an ideal." She added her own reflection:

> Oh, the tragedy of it! When you think of the dauntless creatures flinging themselves and their ideal against the dense wall of British brutality, as incapable of an ideal inspiration or an imaginative movement as the beasts of the field.

It was this Irish idealism, in Alice's view, that would be meanly belied by continuing acceptance—as spokesman for Ireland—of a man whom she now regarded, in a violent swing of feeling, as a treacherous adulterer.

Her love and admiration for Ireland fed an almost unmodified severity toward England. As her months of residence passed, England became for Alice the home not only of the brutal repression of Irish hopes, but, as causes of it, the Pharisaical, the hypocritically respectable, the humorless, the unimaginative, the spurious "good form." Henry wrote her a letter from Ireland, while recuperating there from influenza: it brought her, she said, a delicious "foretaste of Heaven from amid the divine absence of the Respectable in that inspired and inspiring race." (Henry thought his sister's opinion of England might have been tempered if she had not been so confined to her chambers through illness, and could have lived and moved among the English people more; which was true, for when she excoriated the British she was talking chiefly about British officialdom, whose often bland or pompous pronouncements she read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. But he relished "the fun and humour" of her diary diatribes, and held that her "critical emotion" was not without validity and "was never more beautifully expressed.") In a postscript to the pasted-in speech of Lord Charles Russell, Alice gave vent to another passage of invective and praise. The British Unionist, she wrote,

> should not be held accountable for being mentally so abject before the Irishman. . . . He has no wings to his mind to bear him whither his leaden feet are inapt for carrying him, so it is only now at the end of seven centuries that he is beginning faintly [to] divine that, in Ireland, above all other lands, there are impalpable spiritualities which rise triumphant and imperishable before brutality.

VIEWING THE ongoing warfare in the light of a religious drama (as several Irish writers, coming after her, would do), Alice James, her father's daughter here as elsewhere, paid scant heed to the burning practical issue that was really at the heart of the conflict. This was agrarian reform: the concerted attempts by Parnell and his cohorts to put an end, in effect, to the age-old landlord system in Ireland and the whole business of ruinous rentals. It was here that Parnell was found guilty as charged, though not in a way that could lead to prosecution; and it was under this system that Alice James's great-grandfather, the First William, had labored and suffered, and because of which William of Albany had left Ireland for America.

Similarly, despite the pleasure Alice took in the fact of her Irish ancestry, she seems not to have been aware that, in 1890, there was accessible in Bailieborough an Irish cousin, the middle-aged and oldest son of the young man who had greeted her father back in 1837. The cousin was Robert James, the fourth of that name, known in the Bailieborough community as Bobby. He was not many years older than Alice, having been born in 1840, but he lived on until 1932, to the edge of our own era.

BOBBY JAMES occupied a house halfway down the main street, perhaps the same house originally purchased by his uncle, the physician Robert. He could be seen, characteristically, standing outside his front door, chatting amiably with passing friends. Two more farms in outlying districts had been added to the old Curkish terrain, but although Bobby had inherited the holdings from his father, he showed little practical concern for them, being content to live as a townsman off the more than adequate income they brought. Bobby, in addition, was a local justice of the peace, dealing with such petty offenses as poaching, small thefts, disorderly conduct. He was a courteous and gregarious man, mildly eccentric and, as you can hear today from those who remember him, very well liked.

He appears to have passed unscarred through the tumult and change undergone by his country during his lifetime, especially the last phases. There had been the Easter Rebellion of 1916, in which the Sinn Feiners, with Sir Roger Casement, attempted a pro-German coup against wartime England; and then the so-called Anglo-Irish war, 1919-1921, with its successive stages of violence and counterterrorism, the programmatic shooting of Irish policemen, the arrival of the English Black-and-Tan soldiers. After Ireland was divided into two unequal parts in 1921, Bobby James's County Cavan with 25 other counties became the Irish Free State, for the time being a British dominion; the other six counties carved out of Ulster, of course, voted to stay in union with England. The Irish Republicans, who wanted no part of the whole arrangement, began to flex their muscles at this time, through their guerrilla army, and Bobby James lived to see the

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activities of the I.R.A. stepped up in the early depression years. When he died at 92, events were in train which soon led to his Ireland declaring itself a sovereign democratic state in 1937, cutting all ties with the Commonwealth.

Bobby was the last of the Bailieborough Jameses in direct descent from the First William. His only son, Henry, went down to Dublin to study, and after completing his course he settled in Yorkshire, England, where he practiced medicine. Henry seems to have felt that with his departure some long epoch had come to a close; for in the wake of his father's death, Henry, with his sister Helen, saw to the installation of a memorial stained glass window in the Bailieborough church, at the foot of the main street. It was inscribed "To the Glory of God and in Memory of" the four successive overseers of the Jameses' farming land, with their wives: William, Robert, Henry, Robert. There are no more Jameses in Bailieborough; for all that is known, none anywhere in Ireland. And as to Bailie's old castle, high on the northern hill, it burned down in the 1920s, was partially restored, and then allowed to decay and vanish.

The Acids of Modernity

All That is Solid Melts Into Air: The Experience of Modernity by Marshall Berman

(Simon & Schuster, 288 pp., $13.95)

Modernism and modernization usually go together in reality but they are kept apart in discourse by the academic division of labor, modernization being the province of social scientists, modernism, that of literary critics. Useful analytically, this separatism hinders our efforts to understand the total "experience of modernity." To regain this encompassing vision, says Marshall Berman, the two M's must be fused into a single tissue of thought. In this work of sound interpretation and bizarre prophecy, he shows how this was done by such 19th-century writers as Marx and Dostoevsky, and argues that their "dynamic and dialectical" grasp of their moment of modernity may help us understand and perhaps transform our own.

Mr. Berman's book, I should quickly say, ends with a bagel—yes, a bagel—and that is the trouble with it. It takes us through searching readings of Goethe's *Faust*, Marx's *Communist Manifesto*, Baudelaire's writings on Paris, and a whole troika load of Russian writers on Petersburg; it includes discussions of Stalin, Saint-Simon, Robert Moses, Peter the Great, and Baron Haussmann; it touches on history, economics, literature in several languages, urban planning, architecture, painting, sociology, political theory, and the movies; but because it ends with Berman's fantasy of floating a massive bagel-shaped blimp over the Westchester end of the Cross Bronx Expressway, it is hard to take as seriously as its scholarship and social purpose demand. Can this be the sole imaginative yield of Mr. Berman's immersion in modernist culture, asks the startled reader when that blimp sails past him? But there is more: Berman wants a W.P.A.-style mural depicting the history of the Bronx to be painted on the sides of the Cross Bronx itself. Together, blimp and mural will illuminate the Bronx experience for drivers threading their way through that concrete canyon. It will be an example of how modernism can help people, for "it seems to me that this is what modernism is all about"—that is, modernism at its best mobilizes the imagination and thus adds critical power and memory to perception. More likely, of course, the mural will cause a record number of collisions as drivers, overcome by attacks of modernist irony, bounce off those garish walls. Imagine being arrested for smashing into a large likeness of Herman Kahn, one of the graduates of the Bronx who will decorate the walls of the expressway.

I agree with Berman that "we don't know how to use our modernism; we have broken the connection between our culture and our lives," but the connections he makes leave me desolated. If this drollery is the best that even a man aware of our real problems can come up with, then maybe we will never control the forces that are changing our world. Whirl, or modernization, is king; and modernism is become a federally subsidized—for who else would pay for that bagel—farce.

BEFORE HE reaches his pneumatic bakery, however, Berman turns in a strong if digressive performance. Like many professors, he specializes in other people's profundities but founders when he tries to propound his own. His most novel point is that modernism should not be understood as in essence an "adversary culture," opposed to the society by which it has been extruded. Nor should it be seen as informed by a different "axial principle," to use Daniel Bell's phrase, from the one informing that society. Rather, modernism is the reflection in culture of the real nature of a society undergoing the long revolution of modernization. Modernism is "our realism." To be modern

> is to experience personal and social life as a maelstrom, to find one's world and oneself in perpetual disintegration and renewal, trouble and anguish, ambiguity and contradiction: to be part of a universe in which all that is solid melts into air. To be a modern*ist* is to make oneself somehow at home in the maelstrom, to make its rhythms one's own, to move within its currents in search of the forms of reality, of beauty, of freedom, of justice, that its fervid and perilous flow allows.

Berman deals blithely with the adversary culture argument, and goes wildly wrong in depicting Daniel Bell as an apologist for capitalism, but the main line of his critique is clear and cogent. It is that thinkers like Bell define modern "bourgeois" society by its rationalistic principles, its manifest content, so to speak, and not by its deeper drives. On the manifest level, modernism is indeed an adversary culture, opposed alike to the instinctual constraints of the bureaucratic/technological order and, in George Steiner's inspired formulation, to "the interminable Sunday and suet of the bourgeois life-form." But this is a surface antagonism. Underneath, modernism's revolutionary ambition, of which Pound's "Make it new" is the clar-

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ion call, incarnates the energies of the insatiable market economy which has introduced what Baudelaire called a "perpetually renewed suicide" into every form of material life.

There remains the much vaunted "nihilism" of modernism. Seen from Berman's fresh perspective, even this energy of denial has its analogue in the society it seeks to unmask. It mirrors what Berman nicely calls "the nihilism of the bottom line," the wreck of values wrought by the market "which makes any imaginable mode of human conduct permissable the moment it becomes economically possible." Berman is here paraphrasing Marx in the *Manifesto*, and several times he cites the *Manifesto*'s great passage on the revolutionary character of "the bourgeois epoch." It is worth quoting in full since it illustrates Berman's point about the way modernist expression represents what is really going on behind the Sunday and suet:

> Constant revolutionizing of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social relations, everlasting uncertainty and agitation, distinguish the bourgeois epoch from all earlier times. All fixed, fast-frozen relationships, with their train of venerable ideas and opinions, are swept away, all newformed ones become obsolete before they can ossify. All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and men at last are forced to face with sober sense the real conditions of their lives and their relations with their fellow men.

Berman is right to say that the cyclonic process Marx captures in that passage is not limited to the bourgeois epoch; it is the suprapolitical revolution of modernization, driven by the market in the West, by Faustian planners and commissars in the Communist world. He may go overboard in saluting the *Manifesto* as "the first great modernist work of art"—what of *Rameau's Nephew* and Rousseau's *Confessions*?—but there is no caviling with his judgment that in such passages the *Manifesto* "is remarkable for its imaginative power, its expression and grasp of the luminous and dreadful possibilities that pervade modern life." For Berman, this double vision of modernity as both heaven and hell is definitive of the 19th-century imagination of modernity.

Berman's book traces this double vision in a series of 19th-century texts. His discussions are interesting in themselves and full of odd facts, fresh insights, and ingenious connections; but his method displays the liability of using literary evidence in a thesis book—namely that, unless the author keeps a strong grip, his argument can stall in a thick furze of plot summary and biographical divigation. This is notably the case in Berman's 130-page chapter on the representation of Petersburg in Russian literature from Pushkin to Mandelstam, with lengthy excursuses on the history of the city itself. "The Petersburg tradition" is that of the little man shaking his fist at the modernizing monarchs and commissars above him and vowing, with one of Gogol's heroes, "You'll reckon with me yet." It is a tradition that sees the modern street as an arena of triumph and abasement, of submission and revolt. All very interesting, but about halfway through these Petersburg rambles Berman seems to get lost, and only gives us their point in a postscript.

IT'S A POINT worth pausing over. Briefly, it is that this Petersburg literary tradition is available to people of the third world and elsewhere who are undergoing the agonies of "modernization from above." The Petersburg tradition "can provide them with shadow passports into the unreal reality of the modern city." Applied to leisured denizens of the West Village, this is at any rate not nonsense. Applied to residents of "Lagos, Brisilia, New Delhi, Mexico City," it is ridiculous. Berman has a bad case of the intellectual's myopia; its chief symptom is the belief that the ills of the world can be put right by reading. Does Berman really think that studying the Petersburg tradition will help a Mexico City cab driver in his daily life? I bet he'd prefer a real version of Berman's bagel any day.

Perhaps I misread him, but it seems to me that Berman repeatedly treats modernism as if it were a kind of politics. No doubt it is for New York intellectuals. But a stiff dose of modernism won't help that Mexico City cab driver master the forces of modernization that are remaking the form of his life. What he needs is politics, radical democratic politics. He can survive in the cascading stream of modernity, but to have full dignity, to be the subject and not merely the object of change, he must have a say about how the various revolutions of modernity will affect his family, his neighborhood, and the faith of his fathers. To his credit, in his discussion of the devastation Robert Moses inflicted on the Bronx, Berman recognizes that modernism—a cultural formation, not a political force—could not have stopped Moses's Cross Bronx Expressway. If anything, Moses was able to appeal to the modernist snob distaste for shabby neighborhoods. But Berman makes nothing out of the fact that Moses was a democratic anomaly—an unelected czar to whom cities and states alike turned over their authority. An aroused democracy might have brought Moses down before he smashed Berman's old neighborhood as, in the 1960s, massive neighborhood organizing efforts stopped similar schemes in Chicago, Boston, and Little Rock. Berman might argue that it was the values of the diffused 1960s-style modernism that moved these people to protest, but I would disagree. My guess is that they made their stand on the ground of the traditional values of neighborhood and ethnic solidarity, and above all on the values that flow from a vibrant religious tradition.

PUZZLINGLY, in a book that must have been written during the Iranian revolution, Berman says nothing about the relations between religion and modernization. The drift of his argument, however, is that modernism is in the process of replacing religion as a source of values. Perhaps it is in the West Village, but in the rest of the country a powerful reaction against both modernization and modernist styles of behavior is on the boil. Fundamentalist religious groups, as Daniel Bell has recently pointed out, are our fastest growing voluntary associations. For millions of Americans, apparently, as for millions more in the third world, modernist culture offers no stable peg for values, no forgiveness for sins, no hope of redemption from tragic history, and no vision of transcendence. What modernism does offer is a critical spirit, an energizing but lonely individualism, an increasingly anxious celebration of sexual and creative release, and a will to the perfection of form. That is some-

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thing, but it is not enough to fire the imaginations of the millions or to fill the despairing with hope. There is only one idea in the modern arsenal with the spiritual power to make such an appeal, and that idea stems from the Enlightenment, not from modernism. It is not modernism that will make men the masters of modernization, for modernism is only a mode of understanding. It is democracy, for the trick is not to understand the world but to change it.

JACK BEATTY

BRIEF REVIEW

The Sting Man: Inside Abscam by Robert W. Greene

(Dutton, 268 pp., $13.50)

The phony Arab sheiks and their phony fabulous fortunes have come and gone, but the Abscam investigation into political corruption—a remarkable ruse in which the mythical Middle Easterners and their hundreds of millions of petrodollars were the central elements—has left a legacy of mixed feelings about the legal and moral issues involved in the controversial undercover operation.

To question the strategems used in Abscam, however, is not to believe that those netted were innocents. Watching the video tape of Representative Michael (Ozzie) Myers of Pennsylvania giving his greaser's lesson to the agents about to pay him off—"I'm gonna tell you somethin' real simple and short: money talks in this business and bullshit walks, and it works the same way down in Washington"—is little short of sickening.

And then there is Senator Harrison Williams Jr. of New Jersey, the only one of the seven convicted Congressmen still in office, although facing possible expulsion from the Senate in January. A veteran of 23 years in the chamber and one of its most influential liberal Democrats, Williams was more polished than the former longshoreman Ozzie Myers, and was involved with the Abscam agents in an intricate titanium-mining scheme more complex than the simple cash-for-promises immigration deals that caught the House members. It was a scheme in which, a jury found, Williams was ready to sell his office for as much as $12 million, compared to the mere tens of thousands dispensed to the representatives.

No, one hardly feels that undeserving men were made to face the music, and this applies as well to the other convicted representatives: John Murphy of New York, Frank Thompson Jr. of New Jersey, John Jenrette Jr. of South Carolina, and Richard Kelly of Florida.

But even crooks have constitutional rights, so the questions raised by the methods that caught these culprits continue to nag. Nor are they put to rest by the fact that juries have convicted all 18 Abscam defendants tried thus far. For the Abscam trials, like all trials, have involved relatively limited "questions of fact" about the actions and motives of those charged. But the so-called "questions of law" posed by Abscam—the legality and propriety of what the government operatives did, and whether they violated constitutional principles and the defendants' constitutional rights—were not before the juries. These questions are still to be resolved by the courts in appeals pending or scheduled. Early post-trial rulings have reflected the differences over these questions: one judge has thrown out two of the Abscam convictions and another has upheld seven of them.

ULTIMATELY, the fundamental question posed by the case is whether the American government should pursue crime by generating highly enticing opportunities for it and then pouncing on those who take the lures, or whether it should pursue crime by arresting those who break the law in schemes not significantly abetted by agents representing the law. As the issue was framed a half century ago, do we agree with Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes that it is "a lesser evil that some criminals should escape than that the government should play an ignoble part," or do we side with Chief Justice William Howard Taft's dictum that "a standard which would forbid the reception of evidence if obtained by other than nice ethical conduct by government officials would make society suffer and give criminals greater immunity"?

In *The Sting Man* there is no agonizing over such matters. As author Robert W. Greene tells us, the book is "not the authoritative history of Abscam" but the "story of Mel Weinberg and Abscam as seen through his eyes." Through these eyes—the eyes of a man who spent three decades as a freewheeling, free-enterprise swindler before profitably selling his skills to the government as a key Abscam operative—the view, as Ozzie Myers might put it, is real simple and short. "You can't con an honest man" is Weinberg's credo, making the congressmen, and all others duped by Abscam, criminals by definition and the Abscam tactics beyond constitutional quibble.

A BRONX NATIVE who dropped out of school after eighth grade, Weinberg, Greene tells us, is a man who long ago came to the conclusion that the "world was a jungle, most people were dishonest, and the only way to survive was to strike first." (In his early career, Weinberg reportedly roamed New York City at night with a slingshot, aiming at store windows to drum up business for his family's glazier shop.) Abdul Enterprises, the phony Long Island-based company set up by Weinberg and his fellow Abscam operatives as a vehicle for investing the mythical Arab millions that were at the heart of the FBI "sting," initially attracted businessmen, promoters, and influence-peddlers of various shades of honesty, some of whom introduced the agents to people like then-Mayor Angello Errichetti of Camden. He, in turn, led the agents to Senator Williams and, after one key meeting with the undercover men, to some of the House members.

While the evidence showed that Williams was happy to be coached by Weinberg to mouth the words that constituted selling his office, there are those, including at least two dissident Justice Department prosecutors, who feel—as one said in court—that "telling someone to say something and then prosecuting him for saying it, casts a moral if not constitutional cloud over an investigation."

Weinberg disagrees, "I don't understand all this entrapment bullshit," he tells Greene. "Like . . . I'm supposed to have told the Senator what to say in the hotel. He's a United States Senator. Why's he takin' orders from a hood like me? He always coulda said no." As for Abscam generally, "nobody twisted anybody's arm to take the bread. We said it was there if they wanted it. They knocked each other over tryin' to be

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first on the bread line." The chief Abscam prosecutor, Thomas Puccio, and his associates have said essentially the same thing in the less picturesque language of their legal briefs.

At the Abscam trials, I saw and heard the evidence revealing the enthusiasm with which the defendants had swallowed the bait, and so I certainly found this a reasonable conclusion. But when the evidence just as graphically showed Weinberg and his fellow operatives adding fuel to the schemes, I found just as reasonable the defense contentions of "governmental overinvolvement in the very crimes of which the defendants are accused" and "governmental overreaching in creating crime for the sole purpose of prosecuting those who succumbed." So despite *The Sting Man*—and because of the sting man—the question remains: Justice Taft or Justice Holmes?

JOSEPH FRIED

Joseph Fried covered the Abscam trials for the *New York Times*.

TRB, *from page 6*

vitality of the nation, where even a slight improvement can produce dramatic results." Representative Henry Reuss, Democrat of Wisconsin and chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, gathered other comments of the same sort. "The Administration's expectations theory," said Reuss, "if operative, would have led to an immediate expectation of success for the President's program, improvement in the bond and stock markets, and vigorous growth in jobs and production. Instead, the stock and bond markets went into a tailspin and the nation into a recession."

The behind-the-scenes struggle in the White House between supply-siders and mainstream conservative economic thinkers burst into the open with the leak by somebody in the latter camp. The new estimates of what deficits will be if something isn't done to check the flood surpass $100 billion for fiscal year 1982; $152 billion in fiscal year 1983, and the year after, $162 billion.

The comments thereafter weren't reassuring. William Niskanen, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers, simply said, so what? "There is no direct or indirect connection between deficits and inflation." This contradicts everything Reagan has said. The President himself told the press that he had never promised a balanced budget; he had just expressed hope for it. He flatly told his press conference on December 17 (his sixth in 11 months) that he was opposed to all tax increases. Senior aides hurriedly reminded him that he was sponsoring $22 billion in "revenue enhancement measures" as of last September.

Questions are being raised all the time of Administration competence. Who really is running things? The country yearns to believe. The polls continue to show warm faith in Reagan's personality and motives. Confidence in his performance is different. Last Spring an Associated Press-NBC News poll found 66 percent thinking he was doing a good job; now it is down to 48 percent. There is normally attrition in the White House cycle, of course; and the recession correctly accounts for much of it. If recovery occurs next summer, things should bounce back. Reagan is nestled behind the triad of Edwin Meese, James Baker, and Michael Deaver. They meet for breakfast at 7:30 each weekday morning. It seems to work in a kind of low-keyed arrangement among Trustees who are arranging things for the Chairman of the Board. (Deaver thinks he will have to leave after another year; he can't afford Washington on his $60,662 salary.) Observers rub their eyes and wonder. Who, really, is running things?

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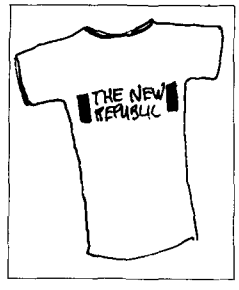

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

The S35T

IT'S CHRISTMAS, time to meditate on the refinements of packaging and the high achievements of its arcane subdiscipline: product naming. At Christmas the native commercial genius for creative naming reaches its cyclical peak. To be sure, technological innovations, like the nuclear Cuisinart, will always sell. But what do you do when a product reaches the limit of its technology? Consider the sponge mop. I used to think all mops were created equal, that they were endowed by their creator with the ability to sop up water from one place and drop it into another. But then I kept seeing ads for a mop called the S35T. It seemed like an ordinary enough mop to me, but the name told me that it couldn't be. The S35T: it must be a giant leap ahead of the S34, light years beyond the S25. What was the crucial innovation? A titanium sheath? Recoverable boosters? After all, the best jet fighter in the world is only an F15; imagine the devastation an S35 mop can wield. I was lost in a reverie of supersonic, laser-guided mops when a melancholy vision intruded: warehouses bulging with the now obsolete P, Q, and R lines. What will become of the hapless maker of the R22, trampled underfoot by capitalism's relentless march of creative destruction? Will Reagan's reconditioned Coolidge-model safety net sustain him? Or will he have to palm off his pre-modern soppers on the nursing mothers of Borneo, sinking them further into technological darkness? My troubled musings on capitalism's dark underside were interrupted by news of the CA-90 ecologizer. What could that be? Another NASA spinoff? A 21st-century John Deere plow that would miraculously replace Iowa's topsoil? A superscrubber that would restore God's intended pH to acid rain? A long-awaited synthetic fertilizer that would reforest the South Bronx? After all, it not only has letters and numbers, it is an "izer," a designation conveying power (pulverizer), complexity (synthesizer), and revenge (Osterizer). Alas, the CA-90 ecologizer turns out to be a little box that sits in your living room and makes it smell nice by inhaling tobacco and kitty-litter odors. How disappointing.

WOODY ALLEN once noted that Hollywood's major activity is to take notions, work them into ideas, and turn them into concepts. (Or vice versa.) Madison Avenue's major industry is to make concepts out of products. Pepsi bottles "spirit," and Coke makes you "real." Kool takes you to the great outdoors, Marlboro puts rawhide between your legs. But the really hot item these days is technology, or, more accurately, the illusion of technology. And there is nothing like a string of letters or numbers in a name to do the job. The more exotic the letters, the better. Had Thorstein Veblen held on a bit longer, he would have dubbed the ruling principle the iron law of Scrabble: the higher the letter score, the better the product name. The hands-down winner is Datsun, with the ZX (18 points in 2 letters). American car makers, facing a disastrous sales slump and a sea of red ink, may have ignored other Japanese management techniques but they have adopted this one, the poor man's theory Z. Their new cars, designed to challenge the imports, are called J-cars, K-cars, or X-cars (8, 5, and 8 points, respectively). No one would buy an N car or an R car. In a country that freshens its breath with poloxamer 407 (does *anyone* still use poloxamer 406?), people simply cannot be seen riding around in a Chrysler NR 2.

IN NAMING PRODUCTS, the object is to confuse, to obfuscate, to borrow a vague glow from some identified quarter. To sell nature in a wrapper, call it Granola; to sell artificial intelligence in a mop, call it the S35T. Conversely, some names are so benign and familiar that they cannot be used in advertising. A name that sells itself and nothing more is a liability. You will never hear it said that Arthritis Pain Formula (usually called APF—8 points) contains aspirin. Aspirin is simply too unexciting. It used to be said that dropping it into your date's Coke guaranteed you a good time. But that theory, prevalent when I was a teenager and based, I suppose, on the premise that she could no longer turn you down by complaining of a headache, proved false. And for medicinal purposes aspirin is about as exciting as chicken soup. Doctors don't even like to prescribe it, because if they do, their patients tend to feel that they are not being taken seriously. So APF and other aspirin products are instead said to contain a "painkiller," suggesting not a namby-pamby headache soother, but a veritable pharmacological grenade. Even aspirin can be sold on the promise of sex and violence.

REPACKAGING old wines is not exclusively a specialty of advertising. It is also a favorite of politicians. Ronald Reagan was able to cajole the congressional herds into the well-grazed pastures of Hooverian economics by yelling "supply side" every time the flock strayed from the path. Giving a new name to massive tax cuts for the rich and the incorporated was a stroke of advertising genius. That is, until David Stockman burst the bubble with his fateful admission that supply side was really trickle down. That forbidden translation from economica into the vernacular earned him a presidential paddling. He could not have scandalized the President more if he had told William Greider that John Wayne was really Marion Morrison. It was not Stockman's original labeling fraud that offended the President (the FTC has no budget to investigate, anyway), but the fact that he spilled the beans. Yet, within a few weeks of the Stockman fiasco, Jack Kemp attempted his own bit of repackaging. Kemp has always opposed foreign aid bills as Democratic giveaways to unreliable foreign ingrates. (The new right has similar but milder complaints against giveaways to domestic ingrates, but that's another matter.) This time, however, it was Ronald Reagan who needed to get a foreign aid bill through the House. Kemp could not oppose the bill without embarrassing the President. So he had to find a way to justify changing his vote while pretending he hadn't changed his mind. He explained that he was voting not really for "foreign aid," but for "national security." For all I know, maybe he believes it. Maybe he now has come around to the view that equipping our foreign friends with shiny new S35Ts is the surest way to mop up those Soviet aggressors. Maybe if food stamps were renamed strategic nutritional reserves, he'd vote for that too.

C.K.

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"There are still huge reserves of American oil left behind in oil fields that were tapped thirty or forty years ago," says Gulf Area Engineer John Shamburger. "In those days, crude was only two or three dollars a barrel, so we would operate an oil well only as long as the oil could be pumped up easily and inexpensively. It made more sense to drill new wells than to squeeze every drop out of old ones."

"In many of these old wells, the underground pressure is so low that the oil won't come up without some extra help. The extra help is called tertiary recovery, and it's a whole technology in itself. Here at Heidelberg, Mississippi, we started experimenting with it in 1971.

"One way to build up underground pressure is to set fire to some of the oil deep in the earth. That's called fireflooding. It drives the rest of the oil toward the well, where it can be pumped to the surface. The improvement can be pretty dramatic; in one case, production increased from one hundred to 2300 barrels per day.

"In other parts of the country with different geology, we might use water, steam, or chemicals to get the oil flowing."

All over America, Gulf is using one or another of these technologies to get more oil out of old wells. It isn't cheap and it isn't easy, but it is a certain source of made-in-America energy for tomorrow.

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

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"Gulf's underground heat treatment gets more oil from old oil wells."

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